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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

AUGUSTE Renoir (1841-1919)

THIS is not the place in which to attempt a particular appraisal of the work of the great painter who died a few days ago. It must suffice for a justification of our speaking of him here that in our own conviction, and in the conviction of many with a better title to express it than ourselves, Auguste Renoir was at the time of his death the greatest of all living painters.

He was, indeed, the only great painter left among us, and there is no one to take his place. Therefore the void which he leaves is one which affects us far more deeply than the loss of his personal genius. Doubtless it is hard to be borne that Renoir should no longer be recording, by means of those heroic expedients that his illness made necessary, the luminous visions of beauty that the mind conjures up at the mention of his name; but we have grown familiar with mortality, and the death of the painter lay in the line of nature. He had been granted his full term of years, and died in the full acknowledgment of his fame.

It is not Renoir the painter, but Renoir the symbol of greatness, that we mourn. We have so few great men among us, and in an age so pitifully destitute we thirst after them as men thirst after water in a barren and dry land. For the human spirit is parched and withered if it lacks the opportunity for reverence. It is not enough that we should be pointed to the great figures of the past. We may revere them; we may strive to live with them; yet we thirst invincibly after contact, or the possibility of contact. The co-existence of great men with ourselves is a guarantee that the heroes of the past were not of an alien race which has left the earth for ever; it gives a sanction to the faith which we dare not abandon, yet find so hard to hold.

To have known that Renoir was alive must have been to many a young painter who has something of the singleness of soul upon which greatness depends a consolation like that which the young writer feels in

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the knowledge that Thomas Hardy is still among us. There, remote from the jealous rivalry of a petty age, was a master intent upon doing alone, an artist who in comparison with his own contemporaries was not clever, and much less in comparison with the cleverness which is our daily portion. Probably he never had the best of an argument; certainly he would be silent among the coruscations of modern intellectual talk; and it is quite likely that if one looked hard enough, one could find in him an element of absurdity. It is not the habit of great men to arm themselves from head to foot against the arrows of criticism; they are seldom careful to avoid giving themselves away; they never trouble to be certain that they will always have the last word. What is peculiar to them is that when the arrows have entered, when they have given themselves away, when their enemies (who are always legion) have secured the last word, they do not mind. They go on, intent upon their work, as though none of these disasters had ever happened to them.

In short, they are never modern, for modernity consists chiefly in a consciousness of these disasters, and a determination to avoid or to inflict them. The great men seldom score; the things they say, like the things they do, are seldom clever (or at least that is the last epithet

one would dream of applying to them), and your true modern, when he praises them, as sometimes he must, will be apologetic about their stupidity, which is merely their lack of modernity. But the few things they say have a knack of sticking in the mind, and of tripping it up at unguarded moments. Renoir's "Au musée, parbleu," in reply to one who asked him where he learned to paint, is an unforgettable vindication of the tradition, and it lost nothing by expansion into: "On ne se dit pas 'Je serai peintre' devant un beau site, mais devant un tableau." But the most concise and the most significant of all his sayings was "Moi, je reste dans le rang."

To remain in the line—that is not the least of the secrets of greatness; to be preoccupied with the effort, not to stand out of the ranks and be prominent

in the public eye, but to preserve the alignment. It sounds so simple and so unexciting; and it is so hard. For the ranks are not the ranks of to-day; the line is composed not of the celebrities of the hour, but of the great men of the past; and to be in alignment with them you need to have inquired and learned so much. You must know first what it was that made them great, and that alone is no easy thing in an age which has an instinctive aversion to any insistence upon standards, which loves the reflection of its own superficiality, and, because it can discern no difference between the great and the good and the imitation of the good, is ready to believe that there can be none. You have next to refine the element of greatness in them down to something which may be ultimately within your compass. If you can find nothing but miracle in the great men before you, you will never be able to stand in line with them even in your dreams. You can bank nothing upon the chance of a miracle. And then, when you have found this thing, if ever you do find it, you have the hardest task of all. You have to subdue your own pride, your own desire to be intensely and individually yourself; not till that is forgotten in the eager contemplation of something that is infinitely greater than yourself will you be capable of standing *dans le rang*.

Renoir, who was a great man, was a great example of this humility. Humility, like beauty, is not a fashionable word to-day. We are all so clever; and we all know that to be humble is to be stupid, while to set as our aim to achieve beauty is to be stupider still. And of course both these pursuits are stupid as they are generally pursued. It is not altogether for nothing that we are so superior. The defect of our superiority is that we do not carry it far or honestly enough. For the only point in being superior is that it should give us the courage to be utterly indifferent to the fashion; the superiority that prevails to-day takes the form of always trying either to lead or react against the fashion. A real superiority ignores the fashion; it rejects the humility which is *bête* and the beauty which is null. But it throws down the false gods only in order that it may revere the true gods with a more self-forgetful devotion.

Yes, it takes far more thought to stand in the tradition than to stand out of it, for the tradition is not a thing that can be learned like a manner. It has to be conceived and grasped from the inside. So beauty, too, is not a conglomeration of beautiful tricks, but an act of comprehension expressing itself by any means that may be most suitable. It is the capacity for comprehension that determines whether an artist can be in the tradition at all. And, precisely because comprehension is the least popular of activities to-day, the loss of a Renoir is more grievous by far than the loss of a great artist. The world needed his presence, because it was a perpetual reminder that the things in which we excel to-day are not the things that matter, and that if we wish to excel in those things we have much work to do. Fifty years hence our cleverness will avail us nothing, our personalities will be of little account, our fashions will be forgotten. It will then begin to appear

whether any of the present generation had humility enough to subdue himself to the tradition of greatness. For that work alone endures which comes from a man who in full knowledge tries like Renoir to stand, and stands like him, *dans le rang*. And he alone will be able to share the humility and the just confidence of the dead painter.

"Lorsque je regarde les maîtres anciens, je me fais l'effet d'un bien petit bonhomme, et pourtant je crois que de tous mes ouvrages il restera assez pour m'assurer une place dans l'école française, cette école que j'aime tant, qui est si gentille, si claire, de si bonne compagnie. . . Et pas tapageuse."

M.

PHAROS

III.

"I HAVE taken a city," wrote the Arab conqueror of Alexandria, "of which I can only say that it contains 4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 400 theatres, 12,000 greengrocers, and 40,000 Jews." It contained a lighthouse, too, for the Pharos was still perfect and functioned for a few years more, lighting the retreating fleets of Europe with its beams. Then a slow dissolution began, and it shrinks, looms through the mists of legend, disappears. The first, and the irreparable, disaster was the fall of the lantern in the eighth century, carrying with it scientific apparatus that could not be replaced. Annoyed (say the Arabs) with the magic mirror that detected or scorched their ships, the Christians made a plot, and sent a messenger to Islam with news of a treasure in Syria. The treasure was found, whereupon the messenger reported something supreme—the whole wealth of Alexander and other Pharaohs which lay in the foundations of the lighthouse. Demolition began and before the Alexandrians, who knew better, could intervene, the mirror had fallen and was smashed on the rocks beneath. Henceforward the Pharos is only a stump with a bonfire on the top. The Arabs made some restorations, but they were unsubstantial additions to the octagon, which the wind could blow away. Structural repairs were neglected, and in the twelfth century the second disaster occurred—the fall of the octagon through an earthquake. The square bottom story survived as a watch tower. Two hundred years later it vanished in a final earthquake, and the very island where it had stood modified its shape and became a peninsula, joined to the mainland by a strip of sand.

Though unable to maintain the lighthouse on earth, the Arabs did much for it in the realms of fancy, increasing its height to seven hundred feet, and endowing it with various magical objects, of which the most remarkable was a large glass crab. There really was a crab at Alexandria, but it was of copper, quite small and stood under Cleopatra's Needle; America possesses it to-day. Oriental imagination mixed two monuments into one, and caused a Moorish army to invade the Pharos and to ride through its three hundred rooms. The entrance gate vanished, and they could not find their way out, but ever descending the spirals came at last to the glass crab, slipped through a crack in its back and were drowned. Happier, though equally obscure, was the fate of another visitor, the poet el Deraoui. He sings:

A lofty platform guides the voyager by night, guides him with its light when the darkness of evening falls.

Thither have I borne a garment of perfect pleasure among my friends, a garment adorned with the memory of beloved companions.

On its height a dome enshadowed me, and there I saw my friends like stars.

I thought that the sea below me was a cloud, and that I had set up my tent in the midst of the heavens.

Only occasionally does the note of disillusionment and bitterness creep in :

The visitor to Alexandria receives nothing in the way of hospitality except some fresh air and a description of Pompey's Pillar.

Those who make a special effort sometimes give him a little water too, and tell him where the Pharos is, adding an account of the large Greek ships.

The visitor need not aspire to receive any bread, for to an application of this type there is no reply.

As a rule, life in its shadow is an earthy ecstasy that may even touch heaven :

According to the Law of Moses, if a man make a pilgrimage round Alexandria in the morning, God will make for him a golden crown set with pearls, perfumed with musk and camphor and shining from the east to the west.

Nor were the Arabs content with praising the lighthouse : they even looked at it. "El Manarha," as they called it, gave the name to, and became the model for, the minaret, and one can still find minarets in Egypt that exactly reproduce the design of Sostratus—the bottom story square, second octagonal, third round.*

The Fort of Kait Bey, itself now a ruin, stands to-day where the Pharos once stood. Its area covers part of the ancient enclosure—the rest is awash with the sea—and in its containing wall are embedded a few granite columns. Inside the area is a mosque, exactly occupying the site of the lighthouse, and built upon its foundations : here, too, are some granite blocks standing with druidical effect at the mosque's entrance. Nothing else can be attributed to the past, its stones have vanished and its spirit also. Again and again, looking at the mosque, have I tried to multiply its height by five, and thus build up its predecessor. The effort always failed : it did not seem reasonable that so large an edifice should have existed. The dominant memory in the chaos is now British, for here are some large holes, made by Admiral Seymour when he bombarded the Fort in 1882 and laid the foundations of our present rule.

E. M. FORSTER.

DECEMBER

The land, enfolded with the skies
As images in pensive eyes,
As tears in laughter, dreams in sleep,
Is caught in quiet trances deep.

This is December, when the ground,
Rain-flooded in the nights profound,
Has pools to snare the flying day
In every field and broken way.

F. W. STOKOE.

REVIEWS

BEHIND THE BARS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY DOROTHY NEVILL. By her son, Ralph Nevill. (Methuen. 18s. net.)

SHE had stayed, in a humble capacity, for a week in the ducal household. She had seen the troops of highly decorated human beings descending in couples to eat, and ascending in couples to bed. She had, surreptitiously, from a gallery, observed the Duke himself dusting the miniatures in the glass cases, while the Duchess let her crochet fall from her hands as if in utter disbelief that the world had need of crochet. From an upper window she had seen, as far as eye could reach, gravel paths swerving round isles of greenery and losing themselves in little woods designed to shed the shade without the severity of forests ; she had watched the ducal carriage bowling in and out of the prospect, and returning a different way from the way it went. And what was her verdict ? "A lunatic asylum."

It is true that she was a lady's-maid, and that Lady Dorothy Nevill, had she encountered her on the stairs, would have made an opportunity to point out that that is a very different thing from being a lady.

My mother never failed to point out the folly of workwomen, shop-girls, and the like calling each other "Ladies." All this sort of thing seemed to her to be mere vulgar humbug, and she did not fail to say so.

What can we point out to Lady Dorothy Nevill ? that with all her advantages she had never learned to spell ? that she could not write a grammatical sentence ? that she lived for eighty-seven years and did nothing but put food into her mouth and slip gold through her fingers ? But delightful though it is to indulge in righteous indignation, it is misplaced if we agree with the lady's-maid that high birth is a form of congenital insanity, that the sufferer merely inherits the diseases of his ancestors, and endures them, for the most part very stoically, in one of those comfortably padded lunatic asylums which are known, euphemistically, as the stately homes of England.

Moreover, the Walpoles are not ducal. Horace Walpole's mother was a Miss Shorter ; there is no mention of Lady Dorothy's mother in the present volume, but her great-grandmother was Mrs. Oldfield the actress, and, to her credit, Lady Dorothy was "exceedingly proud" of the fact. Thus she was not an extreme case of aristocracy ; she was confined rather to a birdcage than to an asylum ; through the bars she saw people walking at large, and once or twice she made a surprising little flight into the open air. A gayer, brighter, more vivacious specimen of the caged tribe can seldom have existed ; so that one is forced at times to ask whether what we call living in a cage is not the fate that wise people, condemned to a single sojourn upon earth, would choose. To be at large is, after all, to be shut out ; to waste most of life in accumulating the money to buy and the time to enjoy what the Lady Dorothys find clustering and glowing about their cradles when their eyes first open—as hers opened in the year 1826 at number eleven Berkeley Square. Horace Walpole had lived there. Her father, Lord Orford, gambled it away in one night's play the year after she was born. But Wolterton Hall, in Norfolk, was full of carving and mantelpieces, and there were rare trees in the garden, and a large and famous lawn. No novelist could wish a more charming and even romantic environment in which to set the story of two little girls, growing up, wild yet secluded, reading Bossuet with their governess, and riding out on their ponies at the head of the tenantry on pelling day. Nor can one deny that to have had the author of the following letter among one's ancestors would have been a source of inordinate pride. It is addressed

* See THE ATHENÆUM of November 20, 1880.

to the Norwich Bible Society, which had invited Lord Orford to become its president :

I have long been addicted to the Gaming Table. I have lately taken to the Turf. I fear I frequently blaspheme. But I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your Society. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forgive your hypocrisy.

It was not Lord Orford who was in the cage on that occasion. But, alas ! Lord Orford owned another country house, Ilsington Hall, in Dorsetshire, and there Lady Dorothy came in contact first with the mulberry tree, and later with Mr. Thomas Hardy ; and we get our first glimpse of the bars. We do not pretend to the ghost of an enthusiasm for Sailors' Homes in general ; no doubt mulberry trees are much nicer to look at ; but when it comes to calling people " vandals " who cut them down to build houses, and to having footstools made from the wood, and to carving upon those footstools inscriptions which testify that " often and often has King George III. taken his tea " under this very footstool, then we want to protest—" Surely you must mean Shakespeare ? " But as her subsequent remarks upon Mr. Hardy tend to prove, Lady Dorothy does not mean Shakespeare. She " warmly appreciated " the works of Mr. Hardy, and used to complain " that the county families were too stupid to appreciate his genius at its proper worth." George the Third drinking his tea ; the county families failing to appreciate Mr. Hardy : Lady Dorothy is undoubtedly behind the bars.

Yet no story more aptly illustrates the barrier which we perceive hereafter between Lady Dorothy and ourselves than the story of Charles Darwin and the blankets. Among her recreations Lady Dorothy made a hobby of growing orchids, and thus got into touch with " the great naturalist." Mrs. Darwin, inviting her to stay with them, remarked with apparent simplicity that she had heard that people who moved much in London society were fond of being tossed in blankets. " I am afraid," her letter ended, " we should hardly be able to offer you anything of that sort." Whether in fact the necessity of tossing Lady Dorothy in a blanket had been seriously debated at Down, or whether Mrs. Darwin obscurely hinted her sense of some incongruity between her husband and the lady of the orchids, we do not know. But we have a sense of two worlds in collision ; and it is not the Darwin world that emerges in fragments. More and more do we see Lady Dorothy hopping from perch to perch, picking at groundsel here, and at hempsede there, indulging in exquisite trills and roulades, and sharpening her beak against a lump of sugar in a large, airy, magnificently equipped birdcage. It was full of charming diversions. Now she illuminated leaves which had been macerated to skeletons ; now she interested herself in improving the breed of donkeys ; next she took up the cause of silkworms, almost threatened Australia with a plague of them, and " actually succeeded in obtaining enough silk to make a dress " ; again she was the first to discover that wood, gone green with decay, can be made, at some expense, into little boxes ; she went into the question of funguses and established the virtues of the neglected English truffle ; she imported rare fish ; spent a great deal of energy in vainly trying to induce storks and Cornish choughs to breed in Sussex ; painted on china ; emblazoned heraldic arms, and, attaching whistles to the tails of pigeons, produced wonderful effects " as of an aerial orchestra " when they flew through the air. To the Duchess of Somerset belongs the credit of investigating the proper way of cooking guinea-pigs ; but Lady Dorothy was one of the first to serve up a dish of these little creatures at luncheon in Charles Street.

But all the time the door of the cage was ajar. Raids were made into what Mr. Nevill calls " Upper Bohemia " ; from which Lady Dorothy returned with " authors,

journalists, actors, actresses, or other agreeable and amusing people." Lady Dorothy's judgment is proved by the fact that they seldom misbehaved, and some indeed became quite domesticated, and wrote her " very gracefully turned letters." But once or twice she made a flight beyond the cage herself. " These horrors," she said, alluding to the middle class, " are so clever and we are so stupid ; but then look how well they are educated, while our children learn nothing but how to spend their parents' money ! " She brooded over the fact. Something was going wrong. She was too shrewd and too honest not to lay the blame partly at least upon her own class. " I suppose she can just about read ? " she said of one lady calling herself cultured ; and of another, " She is indeed curious and well adapted to open bazaars." But to our thinking her most remarkable flight took place, a year or two before her death, in the Victoria and Albert Museum :

I do so agree with you, she wrote—though I ought not to say so—that the upper class are very—I don't know what to say—but they seem to take no interest in anything—but golfing, etc. One day I was at the Victoria and Albert Museum, just a few sprinkles of legs, for I am sure they looked too frivolous to have bodies and souls attached to them—but what softened the sight to my eyes were 2 little Japs poring over each article with a handbook . . . our bodies, of course, giggling and looking at nothing. Still worse, not one soul of the higher class visible : in fact I never heard of any one of them knowing of the place, and for this we are spending millions—it is all too painful.

It was all too painful, and the guillotine, she felt, loomed ahead. That catastrophe she was spared, for who could wish to cut off the head of a pigeon with a whistle attached to its tail ? But if the whole birdcage had been overturned and the aerial orchestra sent screaming and fluttering through the air, we can be sure, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain told her, that her conduct would have been " a credit to the British aristocracy." V. W.

THE LOCAL FLAVOUR

LITERARY STUDIES. By Charles Whibley. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

IN a world which is chiefly occupied with the task of keeping up to date with itself, it is a satisfaction to know that there is at least one man who has not only read but enjoyed, and not only enjoyed but read, such authors as Petronius and Herondas. That is Mr. Charles Whibley, and there are two statements to make about him : that he is not a critic, and that he is something which is almost as rare, if not quite as precious. He has apparently read and enjoyed a great deal of English literature, and the part of it that he has most enjoyed is the literature of the great ages, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He begins with the Tudors, and he stops, in this volume at least, at Swift. We may opine that Mr. Whibley has not uttered a single important original judgment upon any of this literature. On the other hand, who else has done so ? Mr. Whibley is not a critic of men or of books ; but he convinces us that if we read the books that he has read we should find them as delightful as he has found them ; and if we read them we can form our own opinions. And if he has not the balance of the critic, he has some other equipoise of his own. It is partly that his tastes are not puritanical, that he can talk about Restoration dramatists and others without apologizing for their " indecency " ; it is partly his sense for the best local and temporal flavours ; it is partly his healthy appetite.

A combination of non-critical, rather than uncritical, qualities made Mr. Whibley the most appropriate person in the world for the work by which he is best known. We should be more grateful for the " Tudor Translations Series " if we could find copies to be bought, and if we could

afford to buy them when we found them. But that is not Mr. Whibley's fault. The introductions which he wrote for some of the translators are all that such introductions should be. His Urquhart's Rabelais contains all the irrelevant information about that writer which is what is wanted to stimulate a taste for him. After reading the introduction, to read Urquhart was the only pleasure in life. And therefore, in a country destitute of living criticism, Mr. Whibley is a useful person: for the first thing is that English literature should be read at all. The few people who talk intelligently about Stendhal and Flaubert and James know this; but the larger number of people who skim the conversation of the former do not know enough of English literature to be even insular. There are two ways in which a writer may lead us to profit by the work of dead writers. One is by isolating the essential, by pointing out the most intense in various kinds and separating it from the accidents of environment. This method is helpful only to the more intelligent people, who are capable of a unique enjoyment of perfect expression, and it concentrates on the very best in any art. The other method, that of Mr. Whibley, is to communicate a taste for the period—and for the best of the period so far as it is of that period. That is not very easy either. For a pure journalist will not know any period well enough; a pure dilettante will know it too egotistically, as a fashion of his own. Mr. Whibley is really interested; and he has escaped, without any programme of revolt, from the present century into those of Tudor and Stewart. He escapes, and perhaps leads others, by virtue of a taste which is not exactly a literary taste.

The "Tudor Translations" form part of a pronounced taste. Some are better written than others. There is, of course, a world of difference—of which Mr. Whibley is perhaps unaware—between even Florio and his original. The French of Montaigne is a mature language, and the English of Florio's living translation is not. Montaigne could be translated into the English of his time, but a similar work could not have been written in it. But as the English language matured it lost something that Florio and all his inferior colleagues had, and that they had in common with the language of Montaigne. It was not only the language, but the time. The prose of that age had life, a life to which later ages could not add, from which they could only take away. You find the same life, the same abundance, in Montaigne and Brantome, the alteration in Rochefoucauld as in Hobbes, the desiccation in the classic prose of both languages, in Voltaire and in Gibbon. Only, the French was originally richer and more mature—already in Joinville and Commynes—and we have no prose to compare with Montaigne and Rabelais. If Mr. Whibley had analysed this vitality, and told us why Holland and Underdowne, Nashe and Martin Marprelate are still worth reading, then he could have shown us how to recognize this quality when it, or something like it, appears in our own lifetime. But Mr. Whibley is not an analyst. His taste, even, becomes less certain as he fixes it on individuals within his period. On Surrey's blank verse he is feeble; he does not even give Surrey the credit of having anticipated some of Tennyson's best effects. He has no praise for Golding, quite one of the best of the verse translators; he apologizes for him by saying that Ovid demands no strength or energy! There is strength and energy, at least, in Marlowe's "Amores." And he omits mention of Gawain Douglas, who, though he wrote in Scots, was surely a "Tudor" translator. Characteristically, Mr. Whibley praises Chapman because it gives proof of an abounding life, a quenchless energy. There is a grandeur and spirit in Chapman's rendering, not unworthy the original . . .

This is commonplace, and it is uncritical. And a critic would not use so careless a phrase as "Tasso's master-

piece." The essay on Congreve does not add much to our understanding:

And so he set upon the boards a set of men and women of quick brains and cynical humours, who talked with the brilliance and rapidity wherewith the finished swordsman fences.

We have heard of this conversation like fencing before. And the suspicion is in our breast that Mr. Whibley might admire George Meredith. The essay on Raleigh gives still less. The reality of that pleasing pirate and monopolist has escaped, and only the national hero is left. And yet Raleigh, and Swift, and Congreve, and the Underworld of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century letters, are somehow kept alive by what Mr. Whibley says of them.

Accordingly, Mr. Whibley does not disappear in the jungle of journalism and false criticism; he deserves a "place upon the shelves" of those who care for English literature. He has the first requisite of a critic: interest in his subject, and ability to communicate an interest in it. His defects are both of intellect and feeling. He has no dissociative faculty. There were very definite vices and definite shortcomings and immaturities in the literature he admires; and as he is not the person to tell us of the vices and shortcomings, he is not the person to lay before us the work of absolutely the finest quality. He exercises neither of the tools of the critic: comparison and analysis. He has not the austerity of passion which can detect unerringly the transition from work of eternal intensity to work that is merely beautiful, and from work that is beautiful to work that is merely charming. For the critic needs to be able not only to saturate himself in the spirit and the fashion of a time—the local flavour—but also to separate himself suddenly from it in appreciation of the highest creative work.

And he needs something else that Mr. Whibley lacks: a creative interest, a focus upon the immediate future. The important critic is the person who is absorbed in the present problems of art, and who wishes to bring the forces of the past to bear upon the solution of these problems. If the critic considers Congreve, for instance, he will have always at the back of his mind the question: What has Congreve got that is pertinent to our dramatic art? Even if he is solely engaged in trying to understand Congreve, this will make all the difference: inasmuch as to understand anything is to understand from a point of view. Most critics have some creative interest—it may be, instead of an interest in any art, an interest (like Mr. Paul More's) in morals; but an interest in morals will not produce sound criticism of art. Consequently, we may say that the only valuable criticism is that of the workman; conceding that a workman in one art may have valuable things to say, analogically, about another. Criticism is not an independent practice, but the by-product of some other activity. These remarks were introduced only to assist in giving the book of Mr. Whibley a place, a particular but unticketed place, neither with criticism, nor with history, nor with plain journalism; and the trouble would not have been taken if the book were not thought to be worth placing.

T. S. E.

WITHIN THE MAGIC GATEWAYS. By Phyllis Saunders. (Harrap, 192 pp., 5/- n.)—Yrma, a little girl who is fond of walking in the Temple gardens and courts, is given the freedom of the Temple by the Lamb over the Hall gateway, and is introduced to all the animals on the shields, as well as the Griffin outside the gateway. The Spirits of the Fountain, the Sundial and the Pump are her most intimate friends, and the Lamb and Pegasus constitute themselves her special guardians. Altogether a delightful fairy tale.

STORIES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. By T. Dundas Pillans. (Melrose, 128 pp., 2/- n.)—Seven stories chosen with two exceptions from among the less familiar tales of "The Thousand and One Nights." The volume is prettily illustrated by H. L. Shindler.

PEACE?

THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By Dr. E. J. Dillon. (Hutchinson, 21s. net.)

THE Conference, said a Paris newspaper, "can at least congratulate itself on having laid the foundations of a just and durable war." But the jokes have faded with the roses. Not many people think about the Peace Conference at all, for human beings are unimaginative, and the wretched business, bereft of the actuality of the war, has become a bore. Those who do think about it (except the communists, for whom the bankruptcy of capitalism is full of promise) are seriously worried. Roughly they fall into three classes. By those who believe in democracy and justice the failure of the Conference to produce anything approaching a tolerable liquidation of the problems left by the war is put down to apostasy from the Wilsonian principles for which we fought. Those who pique themselves on "realism" attribute the failure to cant; they hold that the present muddle is due to a pestilential dilution of time-tried eighteenth-century methods with impracticable notions. And between these two extremes there is a third class who, admitting that no satisfactory finality has been reached, are not wholly pessimistic. The human advance, they point out, is always crablike; compromise is inevitable in practice, and it is at any rate something that we have got the Covenant and the International Labour Convention.

The disconcerting thing about Dr. Dillon's book is that it is based on none of these three familiar points of view. He is too much of a "realist" to believe in the Wilsonian principles; of all nations he seems to admire Japan most, not only because one of her main characteristics is "trustworthiness and loyalty," but because the Japanese "show a profound respect for the principles of authority and inequality, and reserve the higher functions in the community for men of the greatest ability and attainments." And the Bolsheviks are as hateful to him as to any Coalition M.P.; they are infectious lepers who could have been suppressed—though we are not told how—but for the inept policy which has turned all sections of Russian feeling against the Allies. On the other hand, he is alive to the deep commotion of the world's labouring masses, and is much too intelligent to hold that a thoroughgoing application of the principles in which the governing classes of the allied countries really believe, as distinguished from those in which they profess to believe, would have had the least chance of success. He is supremely contemptuous of the *vis inertiae* of those principles as embodied in the politicians who have been trying to settle the world. Least of all does he take the orthodox, sensible, compromising view. He surveys the work of the Conference, and judges it evil in every particular and the future desperate. Apart from details his attack is unanswerable. But what, if he is neither a Fourteen-Points man nor a Foreign Office man, is his strategic base?

The answer is that he neither needs nor has a strategic base, because he is an Irishman. The balefully malevolent eye which he turns on the Big Four—or rather on the Big Two, for his thesis is that an intolerable Anglo-Saxon hegemony has been imposed on the world—is that which members of small oppressed nations habitually roll. Not for them the luxury or the inspiration of a constructive philosophy; they are satisfied to pillory inconsistencies and to hold up to execration the hypocrisy of those who profess high principles and deny them in practice. And this is a work which, apart from the intellectual pleasure involved, it is important should be done; who knows what good results may not follow from our seeing ourselves as others see us? The others in this case are the world at large outside the ambit of the Big Four, and particularly the delegates of small States. Dr. Dillon's main intimacies

in Paris seem to have been with those delegates. That fact, which is not unconnected with his own nationality, has enabled him, thanks to his really wide knowledge of international problems, to get inside the skin of the Paris tragedy in a way which would be impossible to the ordinary advanced radical writer. There are faults of proportion. Not enough is made of the economic aspects of the failure, and many judgments are questionable. He pets the Roumanians and Italians overmuch, and the Belgians; few will agree, for instance, that Belgium has any just claim whatever to Dutch Limburg. His style is loose, pretentious, redundant. The opening chapters, designed to give the morbid atmosphere of "the city of the Conference," with its "high revels of an exotic character," would be better away. But these are merely faults in the wrapping. The logical core inside—the analysis of the forces which, far from solving any of the world's difficulties, have created a host of new ones—is, so far as it goes, as hard and consistent as any cynic could wish.

Briefly the argument is that, the politicians being what they are, it was inevitable that the Wilsonian programme should be dropped in so far as the Great Powers thought that it affected their own "interests," and should be applied forcibly to the small and weak whether they liked it or not. Hence, two main results: general hatred of the Anglo-American dictators and their protégé France, and perpetuation of chaos east of the Rhine, since it is obvious that the new States incubated are not viable. The facts on which these conclusions are based cannot in the main be questioned, and Dr. Dillon sets them out and shows their significance as no one else has yet done. He becomes incoherent whenever he tries to say what the Big Two ought to have done. He is no political philosopher. But what we need at the moment is eye-openers rather than philosophers.

Even so the full significance of the facts does not appear. Perhaps it could only be given by a poet who, knowing the facts, has also the power of expressing the pity and fear which now and then is stirred dimly in us by the life of a great city with its multitudes moving about their business, subconsciously uneasy, but unaware of what blight of anarchy or famine awaits them and their children.

A MISCELLANY

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH ENTERS INTO HEAVEN; AND OTHER POEMS. By Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

THE HAPPY TREE. By Gerald Gould. (Oxford, Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.)

COLLECTED POEMS. By Lord Alfred Douglas. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

POEMS (1916-1918). By Francis Brett Young. (Collins. 5s. net.)

IN reciting the communal hymns, of which 'General Booth' was the first, Vachel Lindsay stands in the centre of a circle of auditors with his feet wide apart that he may turn on either heel while chanting, and with his hands and elbows in the first position of that exercise known to youth as 'Arms outward—Fling.' The head is slightly tilted back, the nostrils expanded, the eyes closed. During the delivery—which is rapid and even, changing in pace, rhythm and volume, but never in tone—his arms, especially the hands, gesture slightly, and his face, at least to my observation, becomes a trifle pale."

Evidently, they order these things better in the Middle West. It would be difficult, it would be impossible, for any English poet to tramp the Midlands, preaching the Gospel of Beauty, and at every market-place, on every village green, halting, in that curious attitude described by Mr. Nichols, to recite his own verses. It might be done as a "stunt," as a piece of self-advertisement; but seriously, candidly—no, it is unthinkable. Our peculiar brand of civilization renders the thing impossible. But in the Middle West matters are different. In all earnestness, with conviction and enthusiasm, Mr. Vachel Lindsay has done these things. The picture that Mr. Nichols

paints of him helps us to understand and criticize his poetry. We see him as a man of earnest energy, believing in the beautiful, and preaching its gospel with the same passion as he preaches the gospel of Temperance. He is pro-Beauty and Anti-Saloon; he has a strong moral sense, is optimistic about human nature, but thinks there ought to be laws to prevent men from making beasts of themselves. His poetry is not a subtle concoction of spleen and nostalgia, not a record of doubts, velleities, languors. It springs, positive and hearty as action, from beliefs as positive, as hearty. And it is recited, we had almost said "preached"; for Mr. Lindsay is a kind of poetical revivalist. When we know all these facts we are better able to judge the contents of this volume:

Booth led boldly with his big bass drum—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
The Saints smiled gravely and they said: "He's come."
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)
Walking lepers followed, rank on rank,
Lurching bravoes from the ditches dank,
Drabs from the alleyways and drug-fiends pale—
Minds still passion-ridden, soul-powers frail:—
Vermin-eaten saints with mouldy breath,
Unwashed legions with the ways of Death—
(Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?)

Even in cold print the thing declaims itself, shouts and booms at us. One can imagine what a powerful reciter who really believed in corybantic Christianity would make of it. "General Booth enters into Heaven" is certainly the best piece in the book, for this very reason, that it recites itself. Some of the other pieces do not. Read, they mean little; we want to hear them as well. The eye is too painfully conscious of clichés and weak technique; in a recitation, the ear would take in only the energy and enthusiasm which are the fundamental things in Mr. Lindsay's poetry, while the superficial defects would pass unnoticed. Still, it is possible to have enthusiasm and energy and at the same time to be a great expressionist, a master of accurate and original style. It is when we compare Lindsay's "City that will not Repent" with the "Paris se réveille" of Rimbaud that we see the difference between a great reciter and a great poet:

Not by the earthquake daunted,
Not by new fears made tame,
Painting her face and laughing
Plays she a new found game.
Here on her half-cool cinders
'Frisco abides in mirth,
Planning the wildest splendour
Ever upon the earth.

Now hear what the seventeen-year-old poet said of that other city that would not repent:

Société, tout est rétabli: les orgies
Pleurent leur ancien rôle aux anciens lupanars,
Et les gaz en délire, aux murailles rougies,
Flambent sinistrement vers les azurs blafards.

How weak, how dilute, the American verses are! One could change a dozen words and Lindsay's poem would be just the same. He offers us a fine temperance beverage; Rimbaud, a draught of alcohol seven times distilled.

Vachel Lindsay, then, is not one of the great, but he is at least a refreshing and interesting phenomenon. He has something to say, important thoughts and emotions to express, in which he is delightfully unlike so many of our Georgians, who seem never to have deeply willed or strongly felt or sincerely thought about anything at all. Lindsay knows what he wants to say; but one pictures the Georgians sitting down, pen in hand, and wondering what their next little lyric shall be about—bull-frogs, bull-finches, bullets, bullocks, bul-buls, bilge . . . ? It doesn't really matter a bit; for if you have nothing serious to say, one piece of nonsense is as good as another. Mr. Gould is another oasis of sense and genuine feeling in the midst of the desert. He writes for the most part of the supremely and eternally interesting facts of psychology. He makes

it his business to catch and embody in words those vague, but often heartrending emotions that drift continually, like clouds, through the troubled heaven of the mind. He tries to express what is inexpressible in love, and he often comes near to succeeding. In reading his poems we often get that rather uncomfortable feeling that we are being shown up, that the things the poet says are almost too true. The chief fault that we have to find with Mr. Gould is his tendency to slip into a rather facile poetical eloquence, to exploit such florid tricks of style as oxymoron, repetition, alliteration. This habit tends at moments to blur the outlines of his extremely fine psychological analysis. Precision of thought must be expressed with precision of language. Mr. Gould might, we feel, take a profitable lesson from Mr. Hardy.

If Mr. Gould is not a stylist, Lord Alfred Douglas most certainly is. His successes are all due to his very remarkable faculty for saying things beautifully. It is no small achievement to have written one of the few genuinely fine ballads in modern English literature. How great the achievement is may be judged by the long list of failures that begins with Scott and ends with Kipling and Adam Lindsay Gordon and Newbolt. Lord Alfred Douglas has succeeded where all these others have failed, simply by reason of his gift of style. Without in any way aping the naïveté of an earlier age, without making use of sham antique phraseology, he has succeeded in instilling into "Perkin Warbeck" the genuine intensity of the true ballad. Here, as in all his other poems, he stands or falls by his style. When he fails he fails in the æsthetic tradition. Take, for instance, his translation of Baudelaire's "Le Balcon." The line, so grandly, significantly simple in the original,

Nous avons dit souvent d'impérissables choses,
appears in Lord Alfred's version as

We said things wonderful as chrysolites.

Could anything be more deplorable? It is the purest Postlethwaite. The remarkable thing is that, at his best, Lord Alfred rises right out of these æsthetic morasses of jasper and chalcedony into a world of clear and simple stylistic beauty.

Traces of jasper still linger on Mr. Young's wings. He belongs to the "lush" school of poets. But he is not content to sit languidly down among the chrysolites and the frankincense; rather, he rushes in glorious exultation among his treasures, kicking them up into a great whirlwind of precious dust. His lushness would seem to be the result of a natural, Cellini-like exuberance of spirit rather than, as with the æsthetes, of a perverse affection for the exotic. His "Thamar" has all the fine obvious wealth, passion and movement of the slightly vulgar ballet which inspired it. His ardent appreciation of the richer, more obvious kinds of beauty makes him a remarkably picturesque writer. He possesses, in modernized form, a great measure of the talent of that much neglected writer, Thomas Moore. A comparison between these famous lines from "Lalla Rookh,"

Only the fierce hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies:—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

and this somewhat similar and very characteristic passage from Mr. Young's "Thamar,"

As one who in profound and midnight forest ways
Sees in the dark the burning eyes of a tiger barred
Or stealthy-footed pard blaze in a solemn hate
And lust of human blood, yet cannot cry, nor turning
Flee from the huddled wood, but stands and sees his fate,
will show how fundamentally alike in outlook are the two writers.

A. L. H.

A FOREIGN NOVEL

OLD PEOPLE AND THE THINGS THAT PASS By Louis Couperus
(Thornton Butterworth. 7s. net.)

TO those who have read "Small Souls" it will not come as a surprise that "Old People" is a study of a family. For one could not but feel after reading the former novel that the chief gift of the author must lie in his power of presenting a group of individuals each of whom, when seen apart, has a separate, different life, but all of whom when viewed together are found to be but the parts that go to make up one mysterious creature—the family. He proved indeed that small souls are not really capable of a separate existence; they may rebel against the family, defy it, even laugh at it, but they are bound to recognize at the last that they cannot run away without longing to run back and that any step taken without its knowledge and approval is a step in the air.

There is passion in "Small Souls," but the note is not deep or greatly troubled. It is full of gentle satire. Perhaps its quality is best expressed in the chapter where the little girl sits practising her scales, up and down, up and down the piano, always so carefully sounding the wrong note, on a windy morning. Her back is turned to the window. But outside everything is fresh and flying. Outside, in the sun and wind, life is on the wing, and inside there is the sound of doors shutting, the tinkle of the bell and the grown-up people walking up and down the stairs, talking as they go—and always very carefully sounding the wrong note. . .

In "Old People" we have again a family, clinging to its houses, visiting, immensely absorbed in its family affairs, a whole little world of its own—but there the resemblance ends. The family in "Old People" is not united by small scandals, little jealousies, wars and spites; through it there flows, like a dark underground river, the memory of a crime. . . Sixty years ago, on a pouring wet night in Java, the beautiful Otilie Dercksz was discovered with Mr. Takma by her husband. The husband had a native knife; Otilie managed to hold him while Takma got it from him. "Give him a stab!" she cried. "Better him than you!" When it was over, helped by a native, they carried the body out into the storm and flung it into a river. Nobody discovered their crime except the young doctor who signed the death certificate, and Otilie bought his silence with her beauty. She was mad for love of Takma at the time. Now it is late autumn sixty years after. The beautiful Otilie is ninety-three, Mr. Takma is eighty-nine and Doctor Roelofs is eighty-three—and they are haunted. They have lived freely and fully; they have been successful and important; each of them believes that the secret is safe. It is as though life has purposely waited until they are defenceless, powerless to resist or to seek forgetfulness. They are too old; it is time for them to die; they ought to be at rest, but like dreadfully tired children who are not allowed to go to bed, but must stay downstairs among the hateful, tormenting guests, these old, old people are kept out of their graves and forced to live over and over again that stormy night in Java in all its horror and detail; They are not right in thinking that the secret is kept. One of Otilie's sons, who was with them at the time, woke up and, standing in his little nightshirt on the verandah, saw what was done; his foot slipped in something horrible, it was his father's blood. But he kept silence. Another son suspected, and a grandchild has a suspicion. Even all those of the family who do not know are tainted; they are marked by the crime, set apart by a dark stream of sensual blood which flows in their veins like the counterpart of that dark river, and will not let them be calm.

In the shadow, on a high chair like a throne, her small brittle body hidden in the folds of her cashmere gown, her fingers, transparent, wand-like in the black mittens, her face a white porcelain mask, sits the old, old woman. She spends her days receiving the visits of her children, her grandchildren, her great-grandchildren, her great-great-grandchildren—down to little two-weeks'-old Netta: "a bundle of white and a little pink patch for a face, and two little drops of turquoise eyes, with a moist little munching mouth." To her they are all children passing and repassing before her weary old eyes, while all the time, over by the china cabinet, or near the door, or outside the window near the park railings, there is something white . . . mistily rising.

Mr. Takma comes every afternoon to sit with his old friend. He too is small and slender, but wonderfully keen for such an old man, because he is always on his guard; His voice like a breeze, airy, light, rustling: "I've no appetite, child, I've no appetite" is always the same. Only, sometimes, in the middle of a conversation his eyes grow glassy, his head falls and he drops asleep for a moment or two. "Nobody sees the inward shock with which he wakes." Very often when he is there old Doctor Roelofs comes stumping up the stairs on his stiff leg, his dropsical paunch hanging sideways, his bald pate with its fringe of "moth-eaten hair" shining, and he limps into the room muttering his eternal: "Well—well—well. Yes, yes. Well—well!"

These are the three ancient criminals, whom life will not let go. And while they wait and suffer there is a kind of terrible race going on between the desire of the children who know and who long for the old people to die before the secret is discovered, and the curiosity of those who do not know and who burn for the secret to be revealed before the old people die. Never once does the dark river burst above ground, but as the year deepens to winter it seems to grow loud and swollen and dreadful. Then quite suddenly, before the year is out, Mr. Takma dies, and the old doctor, and last of all the old woman—and the river subsides.

"Old People" is one of those rare novels which, we feel, enlarge our experience of life. We are richer not only for having studied the marvellously drawn portraits of the three aged beings, but because we have marked their behaviour as they played their parts against this great half-hoop of darkening sky. But it is only when we think over the various members of that strange family that we realize how great is our gain. New people have appeared in that other world of ours, which sometimes seems so much more real and satisfying than this one; new characters to watch and ponder over and discover. That they have a life and being of their own we do not question; even that they "go on" long after the book is finished—this we can believe. What is it then that differentiates these living characters from the book-bound creatures of even our brilliant modern English writers? Is it not that the former are seen ever and always in relation to life—not to a part of life, not to a set or society, but to the bounding horizon, life, and the latter are seen in relation to an intellectual idea of life? In this second case life is made to fit them; something is abstracted—something quite unessential—that they wouldn't in the least know what to do with . . . and they are set in motion. But life cannot be made to "fit" anybody, and the novelist who makes the attempt will find himself cutting something that gets smaller and smaller, finer and finer, until he must begin cutting his characters next to fit the thing he has made.

It is only by accepting life as M. Couperus accepts it that the novelist is free—through his characters—to question it profoundly.

K. M.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH. By Frederick J. Harries. (Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

"FOR the Honour of Wales" is a good old motto ; and no "seed of the coiling serpent"—that is to say, more politely if less picturesquely, no Englishman—who is a man of honour himself will dream of grudging attempts to carry it out. For one such attempt Shakespeare gives a favourable opportunity. He certainly has no ill-feeling against the Welsh ; indeed, there does not seem to have been much, if any, prevalent among Englishmen in his time, despite jokes about "Taffy's" fondness for other people's beef and his own (or anybody's) cheese. Whether the common attribution of this to the Tudor dynasty is true may perhaps be doubted ; at any rate, the results were hardly similar in the cases of the compatriots of the Stuarts or of the Hanover line, even when the actual monarchs had severally become popular. More commonplace causes may have acted. Welsh brigandage had ceased ; Welsh girls were pretty ; Welsh ale was remarkably good. But these are generalities. As for Shakespeare himself, nobody can deny that Fluellen and Sir Hugh Evans are capital examples of that kindly raillery which is akin to, if it is not one form of, love. And though Welsh touchiness has found something to complain of in Glendower as Shakespeare represents him, few impartial judgments will refuse to accept him as, with Fergus MacIvor for the only dead-heater, the best portrait of a Celtic chief in non-Celtic literature.

But we have touched the rub. Was this literature non-Celtic ? May not Shakespeare have had a Welsh grandmother ? May not she have told him Welsh stories ? May he not have been friends with Mr. Jenkins who was not in his time master of the Stratford Grammar School to which he possibly went ? May he not have actually visited Wales, the mountains of which, if you are lucky, and are high enough up, and have good eyes or a telescope, you may perhaps see from Stratford ? To all which, and to other questions of the same kind, an ingenuous examinee possessing some knowledge of the facts, and some acquaintance with the rules of evidence, can only reply, in most appropriate words, "Mass ! I cannot tell."

But many enthusiastic Cambro-Britons have thought they could tell ; and Mr. Harries, though with occasional and very refreshing revulsions of rationalism, does tell quite readably and agreeably. What though he informs us that King Harry "speaks as a Welshman when he delivers his famous address to his troops before Harfleur," and then proceeds to quote the said famous address, in which there is not a single word about Wales or about St. David, while "England" occurs twice, "English" the same number of times, and "St. George" is the trumpet note at the end, with "England" and "Harry" and "God" before it ? What if, when we are told that Shakespeare "may have known Inigo Jones through Ben Jonson," evil suggestions arise that he is much more likely to have heard from Ben extremely bad language about that distinguished Welsh architect ? One certainly had thought that the Herberts were more Norman than Welsh ; and so on and so on.

But let us by no means run the risk of incurring the malediction of no Welshman, but of honest Captain Gower. A good deal of the material which Mr. Harries has got together is of course conjecture, and often rather hazardous conjecture, while a good deal more is not very strictly relevant to the subject. But it is all connected somehow or other ; it is pleasantly told, without the least literary bumpiousness or bounderism. Much of the matter is interesting, especially the quoted story about Cadwallader and his goat who turned into "a beautiful young woman whose eyes, as her head lay on his arm, looked into his in

a very disturbing way." And a great many of the persons mentioned are persons of whom one is not tired of hearing. Only let us ask Mr. Harries two questions. As he tells a good deal about Owen Glendower which is not in Shakespeare, why did he not at least refer his readers to Borrow's two visits to Owen's Mount and to his home at Sycharth ? And was "the real name" of Pelagius really "Heresiarch Morgan" ? If so, the Christian name must surely have been unique, and its selection is one of the most marvellous examples on record of prophetic nomenclature.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

WAR AND DILLWATER

WITH THE ALLIES TO THE RHINE. By Lieut.-Col. Brereton; (Blackie, 288 pp. 5s. net.)

WINNING HIS WINGS. By P. F. Westerman. (Blackie, 288 pp. 5s. net.)

DEVILLE McKEENE. By Rowland Walker. (Partridge, 248 pp. 3s. 6d. net.)

HOWEVER particular and difficult with refusals a critic may have grown, he would not be worth listening to if he did not acknowledge his gratitude to Marryat, Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, and Ballantyne. He remembers their enterprise, gusto and stout hearts. Those entertainers of youth gave us a good time, and the wholesome flush of it, we hope, is not going to leave us yet. We have had our own real adventures since, some of them not less daunting than those described by the favourite authors of our youth. We are not going to pretend we faced them in the buoyant and reckless spirit of our heroes of romance, for when you are not the hero of a novel, but are merely one who is in a pretty difficulty, you are less certain of a happy ending to the story. However heroic you may look, you don't feel heroic in the least. There are not many of us who cannot face dire trouble if the alternative is to run away ; but there are precious few of us, and probably they are idiots, who risk their necks for the pure fun of the sensation.

We have n't tried lately, but we feel we could read again the authors who once were general favourites with boys without having a literary conscience, made sensitive by a late delight in authors of another kind than Ballantyne, seriously jarred. But we protest that it is not a delicate conscience in the use of words, but common sense and a natural inclination to protect the innocent, which made us feel we wanted to shy these books at the men who wrote them. Frankly, it is abominable that these rollicking pictures of war should be put into the hands of boys. It would be as wrong to make jolly stories of Leicester Square for little girls. There is no reason at all why boys should not have stories of war ; but if they are done, then they must square with the facts, and not with the pleasing but cowardly fiction, so consoling to reclused aunts and knitters of comforters, that it is nearly always the enemy who gets the worst of it in war, and always the enemy who looks nasty, alive or dead. War is an ugly if necessary business ; and anyone who, on the battleground itself, has had painful glimpses into the astonished mind of sacrificial youth there, is not going to allow such pictures of war as these to get into the hands of boys without a protest as emphatic as though repelling a blasphemy against life and intelligence. If this is the way popular writers suppose they are now going to turn the war into delightful Christmas presents for boys, then for our part we shall try to put a stop to it.

Boys are uncritical, but they are also realists. The early receptive mind eagerly takes it all in. Boys absorb adventure fiction as though it were verifiable history. To present the war to them therefore as do these books is to impose on their bright credulity, for they would get a general impression of war that is entirely wrong.

Luck does not specially favour any nationality. Sometimes we found luck was out when we most wanted it. The enemy, being a cruel and wicked man, had an unexpected habit, too, of spoiling plans we specially valued. His shells were given a chance of bursting, sometimes near men—our men. He did that deliberately. There is something unfair in the nature of war. It takes no account of a man's aspirations or character. Its selection is erratic. It will kill the honourable man and spare the liar. What dependence on a successful career can a hero place on such circumstances? None at all, except in a careful book.

We do not mean that the young mind should be given the horrors. We mean it should be given the truth, suitably worded to its immaturity. If you would be honest with children, and feel impelled to tell them stories in which bombs are going to burst, then there is some need to let them understand that things change in the neighbourhood of an explosion, and that when the surprised hero—just introduced to the business—having pluckily assisted in putting those things as straight as they can ever be again, finds he has time for reflection, then it is usual for him to discover that his early notions about flying machines, bombs, and other infernals have changed as radically as though the bomb had dropped on them; In fact, that is exactly what the bomb did.

Now that last fact, the change in the mind, unseen by others, is the most important and outstanding feature in war. Every intelligent soldier knows it. It is more notable than all the visible ruin of battle. It is not even hinted at in one of these lively and jovial narratives.

"Shells!" exclaims the author of "With the Allies to the Rhine." "Listen to them!" He shows us a little group of officers listening to them in a dug-out. "At those times not a man so much as allowed an eye-lid to flicker; sometimes a mild expression of amusement, of astonishment perhaps, flitted across their faces, but concern—never.

Those non-flickerable eye-lids would have been worth having in this war. But even though one managed to obtain a pair, there would be still the hardening process to secure, which would make frightfulness grow less frightful the more one had of it. Instead of which, in France you met smiling young officers, wearing decorations for valour, who would confess in amusement that when the shelling began they "trembled in every limb." The lieutenant-colonel and author who knew dug-outs in France where eye-lids had the indifference of roller blinds also describes a normal sort of motor ride back from the front, past trenches that were manned by men in steel helmets. It must have been a curious sector, and well worth a longer description. But then, three of his young heroes get behind the German lines, and beard a German general at his headquarters, there being nobody else about but one other officer and an orderly. It would have been as great a feat to have done that in the crowd at the headquarters of a British general as to push in to dinner unnoticed at Buckingham Palace and become chatty with the King. It is one thing to let the imagination play when entertaining children; but we ought to be wary of the blithe soul who would inform babies that it is rather a lark to get in the way of steam rollers, though perhaps not quite so good as climbing out of bedroom windows, if they are high enough. It is true that Alice got down a rabbit-hole, and a hero of Mr. Wells's made himself invisible. There is a vast difference, however, in the jokes which imagination makes of time and space, and what a realist should explain to boys could be done to the enemy in a war where the limits of what was possible were almost as definite as the trench maps. Besides, we suppose not one of these books was designedly comic, so there goes their last plausible excuse. H. M. T.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

December 5, 1919.

As a subject of perennial anxious inquiry the Abbey Theatre is to Dublin what Christian Endeavour is to the United States, and the Menace of Bolshevism to the bourgeoisie of both hemispheres. It is a theme for endless speculation and earnest cogitation, and, just as the transatlantic brain is bemused by the vision of America as a sort of moral arbiter, or Sunday-school Superintendent, of this wicked world, so our imaginations are periodically stimulated by some fresh promise of artificial respiration for the Irish drama. The heroic and glorious period of the Abbey Theatre is now so irrevocably gone into history that it would seem useless to insist upon the signs of present decadence. Yet it is always possible to stir up a debate upon the future of the Theatre in Ireland. Since Mr. Lennox Robinson became Manager of the Abbey Theatre again, that institution has perceptibly recovered from the process of disintegration, which took a fatal turn under the dynasty of Mr. St. John Ervine. A number of quite good new plays has been produced, and the revival of the best pieces in the earlier repertoire has at last been seriously considered. In fine, it looked as if the Abbey Theatre had earned a momentary respite from current conversation and controversy.

The foundation of the Dublin Drama League about a year ago promised to provide an opportunity for the activities of those who are dissatisfied with the Abbey Theatre. It is true, some immediately proved as dissatisfied with the Drama League as they had been with the Theatre, but they did not succeed in hampering the undoubted success of the League's first season. Now, however, when least expected, the fate of the Abbey Theatre is once more under discussion. The *Irish Statesman* has been publishing a lengthy Open Letter to Lady Gregory from Mr. W. B. Yeats on the subject. Mr. Yeats has persistently refused to believe in the death of the Abbey Theatre. Like the heroine of the melodrama, he clasps the almost cold body of his intellectual offspring to his breast, and cannot admit the awful truth. Even when he had withdrawn, with his Noh plays, to somebody's "big drawing-room," to seek the suffrage of "some three hundred fashionable people, including Queen Alexandra," he still preserved his faith in a Theatre which expressly excluded plays written "for the classes who live in drawing-rooms." It is apparently some uneasy suspicion of the necessity for reconciling these diverse enthusiasms which has prompted Mr. Yeats to allow the readers of the *Irish Statesman* to look over his shoulder as he writes to Lady Gregory.

At the outset he claims that a "People's Theatre" has been established in Dublin, according to plan. "But," he adds, "I did not know until very lately that there are certain things, dear to both our hearts, which no 'People's Theatre' can accomplish." The subsequent argument is involved in a vast amount of vague phraseology and vague syntax, but the substance seems to be that popular education has reduced the plain people to such a state of objectivity that they are incapable of appreciating the art that comes "from passion, from lonely dreaming," rather than from observation. It was therefore a mistake, he writes to Lady Gregory, when "you and I and Synge set out to bring again the Theatre of Shakespeare or rather perhaps of Sophocles." The moral is—doubtless—that the Abbey Theatre is to be left to its popular success, which is "a discouragement and a defeat" to Mr. Yeats. This belated discovery cannot come as a surprise to those who are familiar with the real history of the genesis of the Irish National Theatre. It was the creation of a group with precisely that aim which now leaves Mr. Yeats disconsolate. If the brothers Fay and their associates had been left to their own devices, the history of the Abbey Theatre would have been very different, and Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory would not now be lamenting the consequences of appropriating an instrument designed for purposes so specific that, once the original group of players had been broken up, it ceased to function. When the Abbey Theatre became a raree show, in which the mere sound of an Irish accent was the signal for guffaws from curious sightseers, then it had ceased to exist. It may now be appropriately shelved by the epithet of a "People's Theatre." One asks: What people? The phrase covers a multitude of artistic sins, for, according to the Preface to the first volume of a series of "Plays for a People's

Theatre," which reaches me from London, it promises to dramatize the I.L.P. and the U.D.C.; to use the stage for setting tableaux of the millennium, as it appears to the disciples of those organizations. Clearly, the People's Theatre is not going to be a theatre for the people. Mr. Yeats can claim, at least, that his People's Theatre is popular. B.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

II. TWO AMERICAN NOVELISTS*

IT is one of the anomalies of the present literary situation in America that while it has been called, in a sense, a renaissance, a period of flowering, which implies, of course, the presence upon the scene of many figures distinguished for great ability, if not, to use a favourite American word, for genius, few if any of these personages have been writers of fiction. Of history, of poetry, of criticism and theory of criticism, of biography, the last half-dozen years have given us volumes relatively brilliant. One thinks offhand of such books as "The Education of Henry Adams," Spingarn's "Creative Criticism," Mencken's "Book of Prefaces" and "The American Language," "Spoon River Anthology," by Masters, "North of Boston," by Frost, "The Man against the Sky" and "Merlin," by Robinson, "Irradiations" and "Goblins and Pagodas," by Fletcher; one thinks, again, of such of the younger men as Kreyenborg and Bodenheimer and Wallace Stevens, who have, in a sort of accidental unison, unexpectedly restored a vitality, as yet uncertain, to a moribund art, the poetic drama; and beyond these, of the many small groups and isolated figures which have added colour, even points of brilliance, to the somewhat kaleidoscopic background; but the names of novelists are singularly absent. Theodore Dreiser there has been of course—a novelist to whom one cannot deny respect, whatever one thinks of him as an artist. More creator than artist, certainly—though "Jennie Gerhardt" is perhaps a book to demand a more cautious dictum; and, at all events, a writer extraordinarily characteristic of the era through which we are passing, an impersonation, on a scale as coarse as heroic, of the uncertainties which beset us—uncertainties moral, social, and æsthetic, above all æsthetic. Taken as a mass, we seem to have reached our maturity too late, we discover our powers at a moment when such powers are in process of being savagely discounted. Values are destroyed before our eyes, we are compelled to work as it were in a vacuum—at any rate, in a chaos, and in the merest twinkling instant our young bright optimism has become, or is in danger of becoming, not a healthy but a morbid scepticism; the sense of futility is always with us, and in our work this is reflected as a kind of emotional sterility.

This is not to be taken as universally true, nor is it true necessarily that the tendency toward spiritual impotence is one that will not somehow be overcome. Perhaps, also, I am wrong in seeing as "cases" of this sort of paralysis the only two writers of fiction who have emerged here, within the last few years, into anything like prominence. These two novelists are Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer and Mr. James Branch Cabell. Mr. Hergesheimer is already known in England through the publication of "The Three Black Pennys" and "Java Head." Mr. Cabell has had, I believe, no books published there, and has therefore probably not been heard of. Both authors have just brought out new novels—Mr. Hergesheimer his "Linda Condon," Mr. Cabell his "Jurgen." And of both authors it is beginning to be said, as is customary here of an author who has reached a certain point, that "he is the great American novelist."

It is permissible, on this point, to remain sceptical. Yet these two novels are of great interest, and one of them at least, Mr. Hergesheimer's "Linda Condon," is delightful. Perhaps it is a good deal more than that: one is tempted certainly to say of it things much more flattering, despite one's inevitable lack of perspective, since the book is necessarily so recent an acquaintance. If one hesitates it is because one has after reading it, none the less for one's extraordinary pleasure, no pressing desire to re-examine it, even a faint reluctance to do so—perhaps one remembers paragraphs, pages, episodes that are a little suspect, areas which a second

inspection might prove too thinly threadbare. At all events I should like to be a little rash, and say, with such reservations, that "Linda Condon" is one of the most vivid and charming portraits of women which we have had—lyric, colourful, accomplished in a minimum of space. As a study in the coefficient of the forces of heredity and environment it is, in fact, brilliant; and it is also, in a sense, amazingly a complement to "What Maisie Knew," by Henry James—with the difference that the inheritance is not, in the case of Linda, vicious on both sides, nor, even where vicious, unmitigatedly vicious; and that Mr. Hergesheimer does not concern himself solely with the childhood of Linda, as James did with Maisie, but in Linda's later life unfolds gradually, with a fine contrapuntal sense of inevitability, the many deep implications of the prelude. Mr. Hergesheimer's analysis of character is acute. Linda, by a kind of miracle, like an exotic flower, grows before our eyes, grows and yet seems not to change, retains even after many disenchantments a singular remote, cool childlikeness of mind. The conception is a finer one than anything in "Java Head," though it will be obvious that the milieu is less charmingly ready to Mr. Hergesheimer's hand than, in that book, Salem was. Perhaps it is this that gives one a recurring sense of disappointment—one misses in "Linda Condon" the tranquillity, the slow grave beauty of style, for which Salem gave, in the first fifty pages of "Java Head," so happy an opportunity. May one suspect also that the touch is not always quite so sure? Mr. Hergesheimer is not, for example, at his best when he describes the talk of artists. Or does he not take them quite so seriously as he seems to? A minor point, no doubt, and more than offset by the many occasions on which he reminds one richly that the novel is lineally descended from the narrative poem.

I have not dwelt further, in the case of Mr. Hergesheimer, on the presence in his work of what I defined earlier as the "emotional sterility" which blights so much contemporary American work: if one feels this at all in "Java Head" and "Linda Condon," one feels it only a little, in retrospect, and less as if it were something in these novels than as if it were something which in the most impalpable of ways hung over them. It is a suspicion rather than a charge. To justify the latter, in its full force, one must turn to Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen," a book which is by way of making far more of a sensation than "Linda Condon," which has already been called, by Mr. Burton Rascoe, of the *Chicago Tribune*, "one of the finest products of creative imagination known to our literature," and which has recently moved Mr. Hergesheimer himself to a singular flight of panegyric in the pages of the *New York Sun*. "He may be seen" (says Mr. Hergesheimer of Mr. Cabell, in his "Improvisations on Themes from 'Jurgen'") "a remotely composed being withdrawn into the shadows at the edge of actuality; and then he is lost in the vapour rising delicately from the golden vessel of his imagination. . . . All the fabulous loveliness that has drugged men with rapture and death returns in the magic of Jurgen: Guenevere in a robe of flame-coloured silk; the pallid charm of Queen Silvia Tereu vanishing at the cock's crow; Anaitis, in Coccagne, drawing desire into shuddering ecstasies of sensation; a brown and dimpled Hamadryad; Dolores of Philistia, beautiful as a hawk, but tenderer in the cloak of night Florimel—in a quiet cleft by the Sea of Blood—who knew what to do with small unchristened children; and Phyllis, Satan's wife, an enchanting slip of devilishness, with the wings of a bat. . . . Jurgen, riding on a centaur into the past, is fantastic, yet compared with the journeyings of the mind, the dark corridors and lands and beasts of thought, it is all as ordinary as any street of the present." And so forth and so forth.

It will be seen that "Jurgen" (it was to have been called "The Pawnbroker's Shirt") is, as Mr. Rascoe terms it, a *roman de la vie céleste*—a novel to make one think of "Marius," or "Sixtine," or "A Night in the Luxembourg," or "Penguin Island," or Arthur Machen's "Hill of Dreams." It is above all a novel to make one think of Anatole France, and of the monstrous debt that Mr. Cabell owes him. . . . To which, one might mischievously ask, does he owe the more—to Machen or to France? For Mr. Cabell has drawn heavily on both—on Machen for his "Beyond Life," which is little more than an elaboration of "Hieroglyphics," more weightily, but less

* Mr. Aiken's first letter, "Philosophy for the Flute," appeared in THE ATHENÆUM for October 10.

charmingly written, and for portions of "The Cream of the Jest"; on France for other portions of "The Cream of the Jest" and for "Jurgen." I do not mean to say that Mr. Cabell is a plagiarist; but it is obvious that he batters rather on literature than on life, and takes in consequence a hue therefrom. His favourite, almost his only protagonist, has always been the man of letters, and Mr. Cabell's sport has been the observation, half tender, half derisive, of this creature's antics in pursuit of the unattainable. His favourite setting has been the country and period of the troubadours. And his style has become, almost automatically, an affair of hollow elaborate punctilios—full of mock romanticisms, courtly rhetoric, mincing, and somewhat fatiguing, circumlocutions.

These tastes have combined in one or two instances to produce work of some distinction. "The Soul of Melicent," one of Mr. Cabell's earlier novels, is delicious—so delicate a fusion of romance and extravaganza, so adroitly woven of ethical inversions, that one is perpetually in a pleasant state of uncertainty as to the author's intention. To "The Cream of the Jest," also, one must pay one's respects—a well-elaborated study of schizophrenia, of the dual life of a man of letters, partly real, partly imaginary—and which is imaginary? . . . One drifts imperceptibly over the threshold. But in these, as in all of Mr. Cabell's work, one finds oneself, at the end, in possession of a considerable sense of irritation. This is due partly to the aggressive monotony of the style, for one wearies, and rightly, of so much studied affectation, of these so often repeated dryly-ornate conventions of speech. But the style is not wholly the cause of one's irritation. . . . it is rather itself merely a symptom of the cause, which underlies and is responsible for it, as it is responsible also for the choice of theme. This cause is Mr. Cabell's bitter-bright temperament, a temperament which compels him at the same time to seek the "romantic" and to disclaim it: he marries his illusions, as it were, only to divorce them, and what wedlock there is, is brief and bitter. Incapable of surrendering to his own fictions, he must perpetually put in the cynical comment, the dry curl of the lip, mortally afraid lest anyone catch him taking things too seriously. This might be a virtue in a philosopher, but in a novelist it is an ailment. Consequently, Mr. Cabell is for ever touching things only to see them wither, a sight which, unhappily, his readers are thus doomed to share. To his readers, I am afraid, Mr. Cabell's recent work has too invidiously the flavour of Dead Sea fruit.

This is particularly true of "Jurgen." As soon as one has foreseen the plan of "Jurgen," one is *parti pris*—one cannot help sympathizing with an author who, in this era of the sciolistically psychological novel, of shallow realisms and valetudinarian introspections, undertakes a novel on wider premises and with the attempt, at least, of a wider view. But one's sympathies are sharply chilled. Mr. Cabell's ambition, if the point be permissible, an acquired rather than a natural one, and while his curiosity is possibly adequate to the undertaking, his intellect, his emotivity, his tastes, are not. He has had, unhappily, a bad attack of Anatole France. His attempts at light irony are clumsy and obvious, his attempts at wit are for the most part little more than boyish *double-entendres* dealing with sex. "Jurgen" has its moments of charm, but in large measure it is merely a recital of the erotic exploits of its hero, each exploit precisely like the last, each reduced by the author to the lowest common denominators of animalism. Granted that Mr. Cabell wishes to show himself a cynic in this regard, to emphasize the motive power in human conduct of this impulse—a theme not wholly new—he has shown himself only the more, dealing with it thus, as lacking imagination and art. One perceives the force and adroitness of his curiosity, the wealth of his erudition on matters profane: if one were adolescent one might enjoy them. As it is, the book for all its ambitiousness comes very near to being repellent, no less for the pseudo-romantic smartness of the style than for its phosphorescent contents. It is, distinctly, a prize for the Freudians! . . . One hopes faintly that, having thus ingloriously purged himself, Mr. Cabell will turn to new work with a clearer temper.

CONRAD AIKEN.

THE INCORPORATED STAGE SOCIETY'S second production will be "The Reprobate," by Henry James, to be given on Sunday evening and Monday afternoon next.

Science

THE ANATOMY OF DESIRE

I. DESIRE IN ANIMALS

IN the study of human behaviour two opposite methods are possible. We may observe from the outside, as we should observe the fall of a stone or an eclipse of the sun; or we may take note of what introspection reveals when we are behaving in a certain manner. The former method is that practised by the school who call themselves "behaviourists," who maintain that nothing can be scientifically known in psychology except what is shown in externally observable behaviour. The latter is traditionally the method, *par excellence*, of psychology, and is recommended by Bergson as the basis of the sole valid method for all knowledge. For my part, while not prepared to reject introspection wholly, I believe it to be a very dangerous method, requiring much control, and giving much apparent knowledge which further study shows to be fallacious. In regard to desire, in particular, fallacies suggested by introspection appear to me to vitiate the theories both of orthodox psychologists and of ordinary people, and to hide facts which are easily visible when we begin with external observation.

The study of animals is in many ways the best preparation for the analysis of desire. In animals we are not troubled by the disturbing influence of ethical considerations. In dealing with human beings we are perpetually distracted by being told that such-and-such a view is gloomy or cynical or pessimistic: ages of human conceit have built up such a vast myth as to our wisdom and virtue that any intrusion of the mere scientific desire to know the facts is instantly resented by those who cling to comfortable illusions. But no one cares whether animals are virtuous or not, and no one is under the delusion that they are rational. Moreover we do not expect them to be so "conscious," and are prepared to admit that their instincts prompt useful actions without any prevision of the ends which they achieve. For all these reasons, there is much in the analysis of mind which is more easily discovered by the study of animals than by the observation of human beings.

We all think that, by watching the behaviour of animals, we can discover more or less what they desire. If this is the case—and I fully agree that it is—desire must be capable of being exhibited in actions, for it is only the actions of animals that we can observe. They *may* have minds in which all sorts of things take place, but we can know nothing about their minds except by means of inferences from their actions—and the more such inferences are examined, the more dubious they appear. It would seem, therefore, that actions alone must be the test of the desires of animals. From this it is an easy step to the conclusion that an animal's desire is nothing but a characteristic of a certain series of actions, namely, those which would be commonly regarded as inspired by the desire in question. And when it has been shown that this view affords a satisfactory account of animal desires, it is not difficult to see that the same explanation is applicable to the desires of human beings.

We judge easily from the behaviour of an animal of a familiar kind whether it is hungry or thirsty or pleased or displeased or inquisitive or terrified. The verification of our judgment, so far as verification is possible, must be derived from the immediately succeeding actions of the animal. Most people would say that they infer first something about the animal's state of mind—whether it is hungry or thirsty and so on—and thence derive their expectations as to its subsequent conduct. But this détour through the animal's supposed mind is wholly unnecessary.

We can say, simply: The animal's behaviour during the last minute has had those characteristics which distinguish what is called "hunger," and it is likely that its actions during the next minute will be similar in this respect, unless it finds food, or is interrupted by a stronger impulse, such as fear. An animal which is hungry is restless, it goes to the places where food is often to be found, it sniffs with its nose or peers with its eyes or otherwise increases the sensitiveness of its sense-organs; as soon as it is near enough to food for its sense-organs to be affected, it goes to it with all speed, and proceeds to eat; after which, if the quantity of food has been sufficient, its whole demeanour changes: it may very likely lie down and go to sleep. These things and others like them are observable phenomena distinguishing a hungry animal from one which is not hungry. The characteristic mark by which we recognize a series of actions which display hunger is not the animal's mental state, which we cannot observe, but something in its bodily behaviour; it is this observable trait in the bodily behaviour that I am proposing to call "hunger," not some possibly mythical and certainly unknowable ingredient of the animal's mind.

Generalizing what occurs in the case of hunger, we may say that what we call a desire in an animal is always displayed in a cycle of actions having certain fairly well-marked characteristics. There is first a state of activity, consisting, with qualifications to be mentioned presently, of movements likely to have a certain result; these movements, unless interrupted, continue until the result is achieved, after which there is usually a period of comparative quiescence. A cycle of actions of this sort has marks by which it is broadly distinguished from the motions of dead matter. The most notable of these marks are (1) the appropriateness of the actions for the realization of a certain result, (2) the continuance of action until that result has been achieved. Neither of these can be pressed beyond a point. Either may be (a) to some extent present in dead matter, and (b) to a considerable extent absent in animals, while vegetables are intermediate, and display only a much fainter form of the behaviour which leads us to attribute desire to animals. (a) One might say that rivers "desire" the sea: water, roughly speaking, remains in restless motion until it reaches either the sea or a place from which it cannot issue without going uphill, and therefore we might say that this is what it wishes while it is flowing. We do not say so, because we can account for the behaviour of water by the laws of physics; and if we knew more about animals, we might equally cease to attribute desires to them, since we might find physical and chemical reactions sufficient to account for their behaviour. (b) Many of the movements of animals do not exhibit the characteristics of the cycles which seem to embody desire. There are first of all the movements which are "involuntary," such as slipping and falling, where ordinary physical forces operate upon the animal's body almost as if it were dead matter. An animal which falls over a cliff may make a number of desperate struggles while it is in the air, but its centre of gravity will move exactly as it would if the animal were dead. In this case, if the animal is killed at the end of the fall, we have, at first sight, just the characteristics of a cycle of actions embodying desire, namely, restless movement until the ground is reached, and then quiescence. Nevertheless we feel no temptation to say that the animal desired what occurred, partly because of the obviously mechanical nature of the whole occurrence, partly because, when an animal survives a fall, it tends not to repeat the experience. There may be other reasons also, but of them I do not wish to speak yet. Besides involuntary movements, there are interrupted movements, as when a bird, on its way to eat your best peas, is frightened away by the boy whom you are employing for that purpose. If interruptions are frequent and completion of cycles rare,

the characteristics by which cycles are observed may become so blurred as to be almost unrecognizable. The result of these various considerations is that the differences between animals and dead matter, when we confine ourselves to external unscientific observation of integral behaviour, are a matter of degree and not very precise. It is for this reason that it has always been possible for fanciful people to maintain that even stocks and stones have some vague kind of soul. The evidence that animals have souls is so very shaky that, if it is assumed to be conclusive, one might just as well go a step further and extend the argument by analogy to all matter. Nevertheless, in spite of vagueness and doubtful cases, the existence of cycles in the behaviour of animals is a broad characteristic by which they are *primâ facie* distinguished from ordinary matter; and I think it is this characteristic which leads us to attribute desires to animals, since it makes their behaviour resemble what we do when (as we say) we are acting from desire.

I shall adopt the following definitions for describing the behaviour of animals:

A "behaviour-cycle" is a series of voluntary or reflex movements of an animal, tending to cause a certain result, and continuing until that result is caused, unless they are interrupted by death, accident, or some new behaviour-cycle. (Here "accident" may be defined as the intervention of purely physical laws causing involuntary movements.)

The "purpose" of a behaviour-cycle is the result which brings it to an end, normally by a condition of temporary quiescence—provided there is no interruption.

An animal is said to "desire" the purpose of a behaviour-cycle while the behaviour-cycle is in progress.

I believe these definitions to be adequate also to human purposes and desires, but for the present I am only occupied with animals and with what can be learnt by external observation. I am very anxious that no ideas should be attached to the words "purpose" and "desire" beyond those involved in the above definitions.

We have not so far considered what is the nature of the initial stimulus to a behaviour-cycle. Yet it is here that the usual view of desire seems on the strongest ground. The hungry animal goes on making movements until it gets food; it seems natural, therefore, to suppose that the idea of food is present throughout the process, and that the thought of the end to be achieved sets the whole process in motion. Such a view, however, is obviously untenable in many cases, especially where instinct is concerned. Take, for example, reproduction and the rearing of the young. Birds mate, build a nest, lay eggs in it, sit on the eggs, feed the young birds, and care for them until they are fully grown. It is totally impossible to suppose that this series of actions, which constitutes one behaviour-cycle, is inspired by any prevision of the end, at any rate the first time it is performed. We must suppose that the stimulus to the performance of each act is an impulsion from behind, not an attraction from the future. The bird does what it does, at each stage, because it has an impulse to that particular action, not because it perceives that the whole cycle of actions will contribute to the preservation of the species. The same considerations apply to other instincts. A hungry animal feels restless, and is led by instinctive impulses to perform the movements which give it nourishment; but the act of seeking food is not sufficient evidence from which to conclude that the animal has the thought of food in its "mind."

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

MISS MARGARET MORRIS will open a five weeks' children's season at her theatre in the King's Road, Chelsea, on Dec. 20, at 3 p.m. The performance will be composed of "Puss in Boots," acted by children, with dances arranged by Miss Morris; and "The Princess and the Swineherd."

SOCIETIES

ARISTOTELIAN.—December 1.—Professor Wildon Carr, V.P., in the chair.

Mr. G. Cator read a paper on "The Nature of Inference." The logic of the concrete universal as the medium of judgment and inference was criticized. It was shown by analysis of examples that it does not really succeed in making contact with its differences, their content is only imputed to it. On the other hand, the instrument of inference is always an intermediating representation, particular and not universal. Absolutism, the outcome of the theory that the active dominant concrete universal is the instrument of inference, ends in the concept of reality, under the form of eternity, as an exhaustive system of differences, without character, a contentless limit.

Dr. Bernard Bosanquet in a communicated criticism considered that Mr. Cator's view was right in so far as it rejected the linear account of inference—an affair of gaps with lesser gaps intercalated. The true general theory of inference Dr. Bosanquet described as systematic implications, or creating a partial complex in view of one's world.

LINNEAN.—November 20.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President in the chair.

Mr. R. S. Hole, Mr. A. W. Sheppard, Mr. H. G. Billingham, and Prof. R. Colquhoun McLean were admitted Fellows.—Mr. A. R. Thompson, Miss M. R. H. Thomson, Mr. H. J. Denham, Mr. E. A. Southee, Mr. B. C. Adkin, Dr. G. P. Bidder, Miss V. A. Irwin-Smith, Mr. J. R. Matthews and Miss B. B. Taylor were elected Fellows.

Mr. T. Kerr Patton exhibited 34 plants from Mesopotamia and 78 from Southern India, collected whilst on service, and mounted on post-cards. He spoke of the soil in Mesopotamia being easily dug with the spade to a depth of thirty feet, and the rapid growth of crops after being sown. Mr. L. V. Lester-Garland and Mr. C. C. Lacaita contributed further remarks, and Mr. Patton replied.

Mr. Lacaita showed specimens of *Orchis maculata* collected on Monte Gargano, Italy. Dr. G. C. Druce made some observations, to which Mr. Lacaita replied.

Dr. G. Claridge Druce read a paper "On the Occurrence in Britain as Native Plants of *Ajuga genevensis* and *Centaureium scilloides*, Druce, var. *portense* (Brot.)," and exhibited specimens of them. Mr. A. J. Wilmott, Mr. C. E. Salmon, and Mr. E. G. Baker discussed various points, Dr. Druce replying. Dr. Druce also showed a few highly finished water-colour drawings of British *Rubi* by Miss Trower.

The last communication was by Prof. R. C. McLean, entitled "Sex and Soma."

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—December 4.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Mr. H. R. Hall, of the Egyptian and Assyrian Department of the British Museum, read a paper describing his recent discoveries of early Sumerian antiquities in Southern Babylonia. His excavations were carried on for the Trustees of the British Museum, who had already in the previous year commissioned Capt. R. Campbell Thompson to begin the work. Capt. Thompson, after a week's preliminary investigation at Tell el-Muqayyar (Ur "of the Chaldees"), worked for a month at Tell Abu Shahrain (the ancient Eridu), where he found some interesting prehistoric antiquities. Mr. Hall in the spring of this year after carrying out certain conservation work at Babyl on for the Mesopotamian administration, began the systematic excavation of Ur, discovering a temple or king's house of the time of the First Dynasty (c. 2400 B.C.), the more ancient temenos-wall of the temple, and many streets and graves of the ancient Ur. Mr. Hall showed slides of these discoveries and also of the important archaeological finds made by him at Tell el-Ma'abed or Tell el-'Obeid, a site four miles westward of Ur. This place seems to have been a little temple dedicated probably by one of the earlier Sumerian patesses of Lagash (Telloh) at the time that that city bore rule over the territory of Ur as over other Babylonian towns. The building is pre-Sargonic and probably dates to before 3000 B.C. The important find is that of a cache of copper works of art of the earliest (Ur-Ninā) period. Several heads of lions and panthers were found, in copper either cast or repoussé, over a bitumen and clay core, with inlaid eyes, tongues, and teeth of black, white and red stone. They are about life-size. Remains of small copper bulls of the same style of work were also found, and a relief showing Imgi, the lion-headed eagle totem of Lagash, seizing two stags by their tails. This remarkable object is eight feet long by four feet high. The figures are in very high relief. But unhappily in the cases of all the objects the metal is in the most friable condition; some fell to pieces on exposure to the air, while others suffered in transport to Europe. Their treatment and reconstruction will probably be a work of years. Tell el-'Obeid also proved to be a prehistoric site like Shahrain, and Mr. Hall there discovered a number of antiquities of the same class as those found by Capt. Thompson. Mr. Hall continued the excavations at Shahrain for a short time, discovering, besides more prehistoric antiquities, some early Sumerian houses with stuccoed walls decorated with simple fresco-painting. He also unearthed part of the stone town-wall (unique in Babylonia) of the ancient Eridu. Mr. Hall

showed slides of the various discoveries. At Ur a considerable number of cuneiform tablets of the seventh to the fifth century B.C. were found, besides fragments of statuary of the later Sumerian (Gudea) period (B.C. 2500), and miscellaneous antiquities and grave-goods of the usual kind.

Sir Frederick Kenyon, Sir Arthur Evans, Capt. Campbell Thompson, Professor Garstang, Dr. Hogarth and the President took part in the subsequent discussion.

ZOOLOGICAL.—November 18.—Prof. E. W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

The Secretary read a report on the additions to the Society's menagerie during October, and exhibited and made remarks on a photograph of a white tiger.—Sir Edmund Giles Loder exhibited and made remarks on a series of skulls of the beaver showing a separate ossicle between the parietals.

Major I. Stevenson Hamilton gave a résumé of his paper "Field-Notes on some Mammals in the Bahr el Gebel, Southern Sudan," and illustrated his remarks by means of a fine series of skins.

The Rev. A. H. Cooke gave a résumé of his paper on "The Radula of the Mitridæ."

Dr. C. F. Sonntag communicated his paper on "The Variations in the Digestive Muscle of the Rhesus Macaque and the Common Macaque."

Mr. E. S. Russell communicated his paper on "The Righting Reaction in *Asterina gibbosa* Penn.," illustrating his remarks with a model showing the "deadlock" position in the righting reaction, caused by the middle ray lagging behind.

In the absence of the authors, the following papers were taken as read: Lieut.-Col. S. Monckton Copeman, "Experiments on Sex Determination"; M. Turner, "On the Nematode Parasites of a Chapman's Zebra"; Prof. J. F. Gemmill, (1) "The Development of the Mesenteries in *Urticina crassicornis* (Actinoptera)," and (2) "The Leptomedusan *Meliceridium octocostatum*."

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

Fri. 12. King's College, 4.—"The Beginnings of Christian Art: Christian Architecture before Constantine," Professor P. Dearmer.

King's College, 5.30.—"The History of Modern Greece: Greece during the Great War," Mr. John Mavrogordato. Malacological, 6.—"On an Abnormality of Structure in the Radula of certain Rhachiglossate Mollusca," Dr. A. H. Cooke; "On the Affinities of *Pyramidula*, *Acanthinula* and *Vallonia*," Mr. Hugh Watson.

University College, 8.—"An Introduction to Modern Philosophical Thinking," Lecture VI., Professor G. Dawes Hicks.

Mon. 15. King's College, 5.30.—"Bohemia: The New State: Constitutionalism and Political Problems," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.

Aristotelian, 8.—"External and Internal Relations," Dr. G. E. Moore.

Faraday, 8.—"Electrolytic Iron Deposition," Lieut. W. A. Macfadyen; and six other Papers.

Society of Arts, 8.—"Synthetic Drugs," Lecture III., Dr. J. T. Hewitt. (Cantor Lecture.)

Surveyors' Institution, 8.—Discussion on the Future of the Institution.

Geographical (Æolian Hall), 8.30.—"In Northern Anatolia," Captain E. H. Keeling.

Tues. 16. Statistical, 5.15. Institution of Civil Engineers, 5.30.—"Precise Leveling," Major E. O. Henrici.

Wed. 17. Royal Institute of Public Health, 37, Russell Square, W.C.1, 4.—"Housing and the Slum Problem," Dr. I. G. Gibbon.

Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Present Economic Position of Russia and some Aspects of its Future Development," Mr. C. Grunwald.

Meteorological, 5.—"Quotations from the Diary of Samuel Pepys on the Weather," Captain C. J. P. Cave; and two other Papers.

School of Oriental Studies, London Institution, Finsbury Circus, 5.—"The Art of Asia: V. Japanese Art," Mr. Laurence Binyon.

Geological, 5.30.—"A Rift-Valley in Western Persia," Professor S. J. Shand; and two other Papers. Microscopical, 8.—

Thurs. 18. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Some Problems of Indian Education," Mr. P. J. Hartog. (Indian Section.) Royal Numismatic, 6.—"The Mint of Cros Raguel Abbey," Dr. G. Macdonald.

Fri. 19. Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Cutting Power of Lathe Turning Tools," Part II., Mr. G. W. Burley.

Fine Arts

PREVALENT DESIGN

II. "PAINTING THE SOUL"

IN my article in *THE ATHENÆUM* for November 21 I indicated a connection between an old conflict and our actual one: the old one being the time-honoured dispute between the painter whose method is to work "from nature," and him whose method, on the other hand, dispenses with direct work from nature, in the interest of a tyrannous talent for design, or the promptings of an arbitrary and exacting fancy. The reasonings for and against in this dispute could be used almost intact for the modern one. And if you made that transposition, in the process much light would be let into your mind on the subject of those questions of "representation" and "abstraction," tradition or a policy of adventure in painting.

But the first thing to establish clearly in your mind is what qualifies a painter for inclusion in one or other of these categories; what complexion of mind makes him find himself on one side or the other of this cleavage, or even in the alarming position of being straddled across the gulf.

You will notice to begin with that the fact of a painter's presenting you with a portrait of Mr. Horatio Bottomley does not necessarily indicate him as being on the opposite shore to the man who traces Walpurgis scenes, ditches full of gnomes, cataracts of the Damned, or objects from which he is displaced by thousands of years or billions of miles. So putting aside for a moment the question of the innate respectability of imagining life on the farthest star, or in the most remote period of history, it is well to consider what constitutes remoteness, and in whose work it is most plainly discovered. And you will discriminate, as you go, between the man who has painted a scene that he can have had no possibility of observing "from life," and the other who gives you a scene that organically, you conclude, could never have existed.

Gainsborough was a fashionable portrait-painter. He never painted anything or anybody that any Englishman of the day could not have seen and in his turn observed "from the life." And yet he was as much a fantastic as William Blake in his way. He did not see his sitters, or only saw them in a trance: a very mild, superficial trance, but nevertheless a palpable one. The fancies that hung round them, the flavour of their lives, their illusions about themselves, or about each other, all went to his head as they floated into his studio to be painted, like some enervating bergamot. He was doped with the graceful existence of all these pretty people, and that is how he worked. He saw nothing but pale blue clichés, and never a man or woman. Blake's Jehovah is a far realer person, or at least you can imagine him in the Tottenham Court Road more readily. You would take him for a Hampstead Nature crank, with his long hair, bare feet, and night-shirt. And the figure from the Covent Garden ball is at least not so real as the robust crank.

Or consider Rembrandt's imaginary scenes, and those "from life." His etchings of beggars, merchants, himself as a Polish cavalier, are used directly in his Bible illustrations. He does not trouble to alter the cut of the merchant's coat when that merchant has to play, in one of his etchings, the rôle of Judas Iscariot. The beggar is not modified when he becomes Lazarus. Blake, on the other hand, when he illustrates Job's very Jewish discomforts, or the burial of Moses, puts his people into night-shirts or strips them according to their occupation. But then if Blake had painted Hayley's portrait he would

probably have painted him with horns and tusks. In short, he would have taken his world among his sitters, as Gainsborough abandoned himself to the unreal blandishments of his sitters' world. But the Bible was a reality to Rembrandt's contemporaries and to Blake. And Blake's rather vague and night-shirted realities were nearer the fancy of a pretty fanciful pious man of his time than Rembrandt's crowd in the Hundred Guilder Print would be to the equivalent Dutchman.

Unless the whole of Rembrandt's work is on the fanciful side of the cleavage, none of it is. Whereas the other two artists I have cited are both there entirely. That is to say that, used in our particular contemporary sense, Rembrandt's scenes entitled "The Return of the Prodigal" or "Christ disputing with the Elders" are not "illustration," whereas Blake's Job is. At that we will leave it for the moment.

But Rembrandt also is mesmerized by his world. It is the rich, rough and dingy miasmas of the world of commerce—Dutch sixteenth-century commerce—that drive his figures into a golden and rather subterranean world, coloured like a London fog. And certainly the common phrase "he painted the souls of his sitters" has been applied more often to Rembrandt than to Gainsborough. Yet when you begin painting the illusions in the midst of which people live, show them constantly in a spot-light of blue or bright bronze, you have taken a considerable step away from the ideal practice of the Pure Visual. For we do not see souls with our eyes; and the function of the soul is, a good deal, to interfere with the senses. In a world where indisputably a wise man sees one tree and a fool another, the only question is what is the wise manner of seeing a tree. We may say that the wise man will see *more* in the tree, simply, than the fool. He will see more significance in it, and he will see more form in it, if he is a plastically developed wise man. But it is that *more* that evidently makes the different tree.

An illusion such as Gainsborough's transfigures also the form and colour of his subject-matter. The fact that he painted from his sitter does not affect the necessity to place him beside Blake or Moreau, Breughel or Gauguin. On the opposing cliff let us place a gigantic Cézanne Apple, coldly and closely seen, at the base of which crowd a variety of figures.

WYNDHAM LEWIS.

(To be continued.)

THE VASARI SOCIETY

THE Committee of the Vasari Society has decided to resume the publication of its annual portfolio in 1920 if enough subscribers are forthcoming. The Society's aim is to reproduce in facsimile fine drawings by the Old Masters from both public and private collections. While attempting in the first place to publish less-known drawings from private collections, it will not forget that the essential aim is to reproduce masterly drawings rather than secondary pieces of historical interest, and on that account will draw as in the past, to a considerable degree, on the better-known works in public collections.

To continue the annual publication at the same subscription of one guinea, it has been decided to reduce the size of the portfolio and mounts, and it is thought that this will be welcomed by members who have little space for the larger folios. It will not imply diminution in size of the productions, which will continue to be as far as possible facsimile in size and colour, and every effort will be made to keep up the standard of quality.

Intending subscribers should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. M. Hind, at the British Museum, W.C. Subscriptions for 1920 will not be due until May 1, and those who have intimated their willingness to become members will be informed before that date, if the number of subscribers promised does not justify the committee in issuing the publication.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

GRAFTON GALLERIES.—Spanish Paintings by Gustavo de Maeztu.

CHELSEA BOOK CLUB, 65, Cheyne Walk.—Drawings and Water-Colours by Picasso and Modern French Artists.—Wood Engravings, Drawings and Images by Eric Gill and Desmond Chute.

FINE ART SOCIETY.—Water-Colours by W. Russell Flint, R.W.S., R.S.W.—Paintings and Water-Colours by William Walcot.

BURLINGTON GALLERY.—Drawings of Thoughts and Fancies by Daphne Allen.

THE pictures at the Grafton Galleries are very large, but they are not impressive. Señor de Maeztu's *raison d'être* as a painter is in fact not very obvious. The true artist always speaks to us in clear, unequivocal language. He has no secrets from the world; he gives himself away in everything he does. He exposes his attitude to the cosmos in a mere pencil sketch of a fried-fish shop. It is part of the essential nature of Chantecler to bare his soul each day and risk the laughter of the sceptics. Señor de Maeztu appears to shrink from such risk. Here and there he makes a parade of a commonplace and vulgar sensuality, but in such a gesture there is nothing of the grand imprudence of the artist, particularly when we remember that we are dealing with a Latin. For the rest he prefers to shelter behind a screen composed of reminiscences of Mestrovic and Zuloaga and the well-worn limelight effects of the theatre. Moreover, being a most indifferent draughtsman, he makes a plentiful use of the standard fakes. The result is that we get an impression of imposture from the whole exhibition. If Señor de Maeztu would take his courage in both hands and show us frankly what stuff he is made of we could treat him as a serious artist; as it is we are forced to regard him as something of an intruder in the field of Fine Art.

In contrast to Señor de Maeztu's pretentious heroics there can be no doubt of the genuine quality of the artists exhibiting at the Chelsea Book Club. This remarkable little exhibition includes among other things a portrait by Cézanne, drawings by Bonnard, Degas, Signac, Picasso, Lhote, Survage, Derain and Vlaminck, two paintings by Matisse, and the beautiful and characteristic "Promenade dans le Parc" by Seurat, which we should like to see in the National Gallery. Students of modern art will find the group of Picasso drawings instructive in the highest degree. In spite of Picasso's very considerable reputation among the dilettanti his work is not widely known here, very few examples having crossed the Channel. These drawings provide an opportunity of appreciating the merit of this artist, who wields a great influence among his contemporaries. He is, of course, completely frank and always ready to face the music, and by his very candour and courage he imposes his attitude upon us. As we see him in this exhibition he is not out to make beautiful drawings, but to seek and find a fragment of abstract beauty. In this search he is relentless and indefatigable. He leaves a drawing when he has found the object of his search—and not before. Having found it, he disdains to add any features which will render it more agreeable or convey an impression of greater skill. He disdains even to subject his work to a vigorous cleaning-up process, but is prepared to stand or fall by the quality of his intention alone. We are forced to bow to such sincerity; and we accept the distortions of "The Two Ballet Dancers" and recognize the logic and reality of the "Naked Girl between Harlequin and Clown," which have more of the spirit of Botticelli than of Lautrec. Compared with Picasso, Derain is a maker of pictures; his two water-colours "Baigneuses" are essentially studies in composition. His work, like that of Matisse, has a specifically French charm. The indestructible French feeling for grace and humour reasserts itself in spite of theories and intellectual prejudices. The chain from Watteau to Renoir, and Renoir to Matisse and Derain, is complete. As we study this most interesting exhibition we find ourselves wondering if the essence of the French genius is not after all the ability to break through a self-imposed convention at the dictates of instinct.

Mr Russell Flint's dexterous water-colours at the Fine Art Society take us into another world, where no one deals

in abstractions. They evoke conventional summer holidays with a dip in the sea or the river every morning and lazy reading of a novel in the sunshine after lunch; then tea and cakes and a short walk to get up an appetite for supper; in the evening perhaps a little bridge to induce sleep. Mr. Flint sees all this just as thousands of holiday-makers see it for a few weeks every year. It is a quite blameless vision, but it is not the vision of an artist; which is unfortunate, because Mr. Flint's hand is a skilful and obedient tool.

Mr. Walcot's architectural drawings at the same gallery reveal a far less commonplace vision and an accomplishment at least equal to that of Mr. Flint. Mr. Walcot succeeds in suggesting the relation of buildings to the sentient world, and the best of his drawings are quite first-rate of their kind.

R. H. W.

THE ARTIST AS A CIVIC FORCE

IN the eighteenth century it was normal for English gentlemen to have or pretend to have a knowledge of the arts and to patronize them. They extended their patronage to fine craft, and the artists and craftsmen had the comparatively simple task of supplying an existing—though restricted—demand. Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney supplied the demand for portraits, Chippendale and the others supplied the demand for furniture, and so on. In the nineteenth century the demand for art and applied art came from an enormously increased public running much lower down the social scale, and it was met, not by the artists, but by modern methods of machine manufacture. By the end of the century people of discernment realized that not only had the practice of the fine arts degenerated, but that craftsmanship had disappeared from England. There would probably have been a strong general reaction but for the unfortunate appearance of William Morris with his epics and his tapestries and his silly mediæval knights. The British middle classes—always naturally suspicious of artists and prone to resent the interference of theorists who set out to help them to help themselves—wrote down Morris as a tiresome artistic gentleman whose productions could make no claim to be taken seriously in a workaday world; and they did not feel themselves called upon to revise their attitude when Walter Crane and his followers tried to make them affect an anæmic kind of jewellery or when Oscar Wilde urged them to cultivate a taste for blue china.

Thus it comes that the first genuine reaction against the bad craft of the nineteenth century is only now manifesting itself. There is evidence of it on all hands, and the Arts League of Service, which is attempting to co-ordinate and organize it, is accepting a heavy responsibility. Their little exhibition of Practical Art at the Twenty-One Gallery makes us fear that they do not sufficiently realize the delicate nature of the plant which they are trying to cultivate. There are a number of works shown which are infected by the same "artistic" blight which has had such fatal results before. Nevertheless the exhibition is a step in the right direction in that it reminds both the artist and the public of the possibilities of a renaissance of the applied arts which may become a force in our fast-changing civic life.

NOTES ON ART SALES

CHRISTIE'S sale on November 25 was marked by the high prices realized by three colour-prints after Morl and: "Innocence Alarm'd," by R. Smith, and "Paying the Hostler," by S. W. Reynolds, £714 each, and "The Sportsman's Return," by W. Ward, £315.

The properties of Sir Philip Sassoon and the Countess of Rock-savage, sold on the 26th and 27th, included many objects formerly in the collection of Baron Gustave de Rothschild. A panel of Gobelins tapestry of "The Swing," after Boucher, 11 ft. by 8 ft., made £7,770, and another of Nymphs and Cupids, signed Audran, 10 ft. 4 in. by 11 ft., £4,410. A settee and six fauteuils in Louis XV. taste, covered with Beauvais tapestry, were sold for £1,680, a pair of fauteuils, similar, for £840, and a settee and five fauteuils, in Louis XIV. taste, for £1,522 10s. A set of four plates of Limoges by Jean Courtois, 7½ in. diameter, fetched £3,990; an oval dish signed by Leonard Limousin, 1567, 18 in. by 14½ in., £1,837 10s.; a circular dish, 10½ in. diameter, by Pierre Raymond, £1,470; and a pair of Siena majolica dishes, 12 in. and 11½ in. diameter, in polychrome, £3,350. A pair of bronze busts of a bacchante and faun, 14 in. high, by Coysevox, was bought for £1,627 10s.

Music

BIRMINGHAM IN ARCADIA

VICTORIAN England was the home of oratorio, and though there are few now living who can remember Handel at Exeter Hall, there lives on still a certain tradition, common to most serious-minded musicians who are old enough to have passed the impressionable years of their lives in the nineteenth century, that the natural medium of musical expression for an English composer is the chorus. It is with choral music, more than anything else, that the names of Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie and Elgar are associated. For their generation oratorio was still the highest form of music, and though their successors turned their attention to an idealism that was less definitely religious, the chorus has still remained the most dignified outlet for the aspirations of such men as Granville Bantock, Rutland Boughton and Percy Grainger.

Granville Bantock was once upon a time regarded as a revolutionary. He composed symphonic poems when respectable people confined themselves to symphonies. Years have passed, but like Mr. Roebuck Ramsden he remains as advanced as ever he was. There is nothing new that he has not read, marked and learned; it is only the inward process of digestion that he has begun to find a little less easy of accomplishment. The Russian Ballet has formed his last meal, and after a due interval, *eructavit cor ejus* a great matter, half ballet, half oratorio. At the Alhambra and the Empire the idea of ballet has been associated with frivolity—very intellectual frivolity, no doubt. When "Thamar" and "Shéhérazade" first appeared in England, there were some people who thought them shocking. To most lovers of the Ballet it would never occur to regard them as erotic; we see them over and over again, and enjoy them as compositions in sound, in colour and in movement. That is perhaps too frivolous a view for Professor Bantock. Not that he is likely to have been shocked, unless it were at our futility; has he not sampled every form of voluptuousness that the *demi-monde oriental*, as the schoolboy translated it, can express in terms of tempered semitones?

He has taken the Ballet quite seriously, as he takes everything, and being at heart a Victorian, albeit a revolutionary one, he has had to put forward his principle of ballet in the shape of a chorus. His newest work, "The Great God Pan," a choral ballet—or at least the first instalment of it—will have been performed at Glasgow before these words are printed. The Glasgow Choral Union's production will presumably be limited to the concert platform; but as the score is dedicated to Sir Thomas Beecham it may be hoped that we shall some day see the work on the stage at Covent Garden. There can be no complete criticism of any stage work until it has actually been put on the stage; but with this reservation it is worth while discussing Mr. Bantock's ballet so far as is practicable.

Judging from the stage directions, which are not always very complete, the work would be just as well described as an opera. There are four solo parts, Pan, Echo, the Moon and a Shepherd, all of whom have both to act and to sing. Even if they are to dance as well, dancing is not their fundamental medium of expression. The work opens with a prologue, consisting of an invocation to Pan sung by a twelve-part chorus, apparently without accompaniment, before an altar of the god. The scene then changes to a woodland glade. There are dances of nymphs and dryads, followed by a chorus of hunters. Pan enters, pursues various nymphs after the manner of Alberich with the Rhine-maidens, and rushes off.

Here some sort of earthquake and solar eclipse takes place. Echo is then discovered inside a rock, like Erda; Pan returns, woos her in vain with music, and is derided by a chorus of nymphs. The next episode is a series of dances executed by fauns, satyrs and mænads. At the most frenzied moment the dancers leave the stage. A shepherd crosses the scene singing a pastoral ditty, and Pan is lulled by it to sleep. His piping, however, appears to continue, and attracts the Moon, who descends to earth to look at him. He awakes, and she is as frightened of him as Beauty was of the Beast. But Pan, somewhat to the reader's surprise, behaves as politely as the Beast himself; politely, but firmly. With the help of the Hyades he transforms himself into a cloud and envelops the Moon. Carducci once described the Moon as a *celeste paolotta*, and evidently Mr. Bantock also regards her as a "heavenly hypocrite." The stage is discreetly obscured, and after a duet in the dark—

O Life! O Time! This, only this,
Thine inmost, immemorial bliss—

their embraces are exhibited behind a gauze or possibly a steam curtain while nymphs, dryads, fauns and satyrs "regard the Mystery with mingled feelings of awe, wonder and ecstasy." They conclude the spectacle with a chorus in which "fire" rhymes to "desire."

The libretto, as the reader may perhaps have guessed, is a convenient cento of reminiscences from Shelley and Swinburne. It signifies nothing, very much, but it has none of those awkward moments of plain speaking which invariably make an audience laugh. The characters, like the allegorical personages in the Elizabethan masques, take up a great deal of time in giving such information about their habits and characteristics as may be acquired with less trouble from a classical dictionary. The chorus of course does much the same—if you want to know what we are, we are gentlemen of Arcadia. It is all very easily singable stuff on which a composer might hang what music he pleased. Professor Bantock makes the mistake of setting it as seriously as if it was really Shelley or Swinburne, and throws away his chances of a fat tune only to expose the nakedness of some very thin verse. He has treated the whole subject with such intense seriousness as to lead the reader to imagine that he has some deep symbolic meaning which he desires to express. If this is the case he certainly deserves profound respect, even if his libretto does not; but in that case why spend so much energy on a series of ballet-dances more conventional than those of "Tannhäuser"? The music itself, if not quite so systematically reminiscent as the words, is a strange mixture of styles. The wildest of directions, expressed sometimes in the wildest of Italian, are appended to the mildest of music. Sometimes a bar of Stravinsky jostles a bar of Mendelssohn; but the bulk of the work is more or less in the idiom of Wagner and Tchaikovsky. Strange chords appear now and then, and the voices are treated as audaciously as the instruments; but Professor Bantock has always been a complete master of choral and of orchestral effect. He knows what he wants, and brings it off exactly. But in spite of the occasional strange chords, the foundation of the music is almost always harmonic, and harmonic on the simplest and most hackneyed system. Yet at isolated moments we come across broad and sustained melodies which interweave and clash regardless of conventional harmony—the song of Echo, some of the Moon's music, and the soft mysterious instrumental interlude which accompanies her union with Pan. These are moments of real beauty, and these, one would like to hope, represent the real Bantock, almost the one man of the older generation in England who has never refused to assimilate the results of contemporary musical thought.

EDWARD J. DENT.

BEECHAM OPERA

PUCCINI—AND OTHERS

LA BOHÈME," to one who had not heard it for eight or ten years, was quite an interesting affair. There is perhaps only one moment when one takes it quite seriously, and that is when Alcindoro gets up in the second act and declares twice over, with emphasis, "This odious singing upsets me entirely." But one should not be too superior about it, for in its way it is by no means a bad opera; it hangs passably together; its characters are plausible operatic puppets without being drearily romantic or portentously symbolical; its music is full of life, piping very fairly when Murger dances, and mourning with no little skill when he laments. It takes you out to dine about seven, and sends you comfortably home to bed about eleven. In short, provided you can agree to the Puccini conception of music, you have no difficulty in persuading yourself that "La Bohème" will figure in the Covent Garden performances of 1969 with the same air of assurance that it wears to-day. And yet, as you listen to that sensuous ebb and flow of sound, to the melting lusciousness of the orchestra, to the fluent melody so adroitly laid out for what experts term the most effective register of the vocal organ, you are not really deceived. The act ends, the music stops, and strains from a different Italy steal into your consciousness—the opening of the "Stabat Mater," perhaps, or some excruciating, unpardonable dissonance of Malipiero. And you know that what you were listening to was not the real thing; not real music, not real Italy. And you begin to cast your mind back and to ask yourself once more (well knowing that there will be no answer) how it was that a race which little more than three hundred years ago was at once the consummation of the age just passed and the herald of the age to come should suffer so rapid a decline; should get so tangled in the pedantries of formalism, and eventually fall a victim to that devastating melodic suavity which ravaged Italy like a scourge throughout the nineteenth century. Facile catchwords like "Indolent Southerners," "Pleasure-loving Latin temperament," and so on, are quite beside the point. There was nothing suave or indolent about Lucretius or Dante or Leonardo or Palestrina; how can such presumptuous generalizations be established from two unfortunate centuries—a mere episode in the history of a race?

"Professor Sergi," wrote R. R. M. in THE ATHENÆUM of November 28, "has our full sympathy when he refuses to believe . . . that a change of climate for the worse has doomed the Mediterranean region until such time as another climatic pulsation puts things right at the expense of the now dominant North."

He has more than our sympathy, he has our conviction; for so far as music is concerned, the signs are unmistakable that Italy has freed herself again, and that whatever developments of music may arise in the next half-century, her composers will be found once more in the vanguard. In the work of Pizzetti, Respighi, Malipiero and others one can detect, amid all the conflict of aim and method, a note that has not been heard in Italian music for many a generation. For the moment one might even say that what has gone out of it is a more vital matter than what has come into it, for it is in respect of the former rather than the latter that the composers mentioned above find their mutual kinship. And that something, whatever it is, is of the very marrow of Puccini. We called it a melodic suavity, and that is perhaps as near as words can get to one of the impalpable qualities of music; but whether it is a suavity of the soul that corrupts the melody, or a suaveness in the melody that bars the soul from entering, we cannot here determine.

CONCERTS

MR. LLOYD POWELL AND MR. JOHN GOSS gave a joint piano and vocal recital on December 1. We noticed Mr. Powell's playing favourably in these columns a few weeks ago, and we do not propose to do more now than advise him to cut Mr. Holbrooke's "Barrage" out of his repertoire. Mr. Goss has a disconcerting habit of throwing his head back and emitting his tones in a peculiar way that makes him sound as if he was suffering from laryngitis whenever he sings at all loud or at all soft; it is the same defective method, probably, that causes him to be so consistently out of tune. His only hope lies, we fear, in a drastic reform of his technique.

MISS PHYLLIS LETT's recital on December 2 was chiefly remarkable for the number of composers represented. They ranged from Monteverde to Dorothy Howell, taking in most of the great classical, to say nothing of the great unclassical masters, *en route*. All of them that we heard she sang exactly in the same style—a pity, for she possesses a really beautiful and admirably trained contralto voice; only she was unfortunate enough to devise just the sort of programme most calculated to find out her weak place. One would have needed to be something of a lightning impersonator to come really well through it; and that is precisely what Miss Lett cannot make herself. She was accompanied by the New Queen's Hall orchestra under Sir Henry Wood, who relieved the singer now and again by playing us things like the two Hungarian Dances, the Rondino for Wind Instruments, the Solemn Melody—a kind of Promenade pudding with the plums left out.

THE chief item of interest at the Classical Concert Society's concert on December 3 was provided by Mme. Jane Bathori, who is without rival as an interpreter of modern French songs. Her voice has become mellower in quality since her last appearance in England. It was most beautiful to hear those very "literary" songs, Debussy's "Chansons de Bilitis," delivered with perfect diction, and at the same time sung, to the singer's own admirable pianoforte accompaniment, with a continuous vocal line and a sense of musical form which welded each song into a perfect whole.

It was this sense of musical continuity and vocal beauty that was lacking in the performance of Mr. Douglas Marshall at the Æolian Hall the same afternoon, in spite of his evident sensitiveness of both musical and literary understanding. His voice suffers from a deficiency of resonance and a certain tightness of production. His choice of songs by Fauré, Louis Aubert, Vaughan Williams and Cyril Scott was intelligent, but he was severely hampered by the heavy and wooden style of an unsympathetic accompanist.

THE most interesting feature of the Philharmonic Society's second concert, on December 4, was the first performance in this country of Malipiero's "Pause del Silenzio"—a work of which the title remains obscure. It is most characteristic of its composer, bold and clear in its melodic outline, fearlessly experimental in its harmony, free and strong in rhythm, and completely unconvincing in structure. Its reception merely served to emphasize the fatuous presumption of people who think they can search out the content of a work of this nature at a single hearing; a similar reception, it will be remembered, was accorded to "Prometheus" a year or two before the war. The concert opened with Meyerbeer's overture "Struensee"—included, apparently, on the ground that it is not so bad as the rest of that composer's work. Like Dr. Johnson we make no attempt to settle the question of precedence between a louse and a flea. Mr. Murray Davey sang the Serenade from Berlioz's "Faust" and "Madamina" from "Don Giovanni"—both of them admirably suited to his peculiar style. One suspects that he has only the one manner; but one never knows. Mr. Toye conducted with admirable precision and plenty of life, but the quality of the orchestral playing varied nevertheless in the course of the evening. The band seemed very tired in Mozart's "Paris Symphony," and the rhythm flagged more than once, though the tone was just of the lightness that the work demands.

THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY has arranged two Christmas lectures for young people at 3.30 p.m.: "Serbia and Jugo-Slavia, before the War and After," by Mrs. Dickinson Berry, on December 29, and "A Visit to the Diamond Mountain in Korea," by Miss Hilda Bowser, on January 2.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

THE Wagner controversy, to which we referred recently in these notes, is now beginning to die down, chiefly owing to the fact that the sensible section of the musical public is by far the most numerous and has accordingly been able to get its own way. Wagner has now been officially re-admitted to the concert-halls, though performances of him are still apt to be marked by amusing incidents. At the Concerts Padeloup a plebiscite was taken amongst the audience, with the result that more than 90 per cent. voted for the immediate resumption of the Wagnerian répertoire. The "Meistersinger" overture was therefore promptly supplied at the next concert, though not until a somewhat super-cautious member of the audience had suggested its postponement for another year. A fine performance of the "Waldweben" at the Colonne concert on Nov. 16 was also the signal for a demonstration (and counter-demonstration)—the pro-Wagnerians manifesting a somewhat exaggerated enthusiasm which gave rise to a lively but confused discussion carried on between different parts of the theatre. There was no doubt as to who were in the majority; which made the pious exclamation of the lady in the balcony: "Vive la France!" seem all the more pathetic. We regret to say that a certain distinguished and "veteran" French composer (whose views on the subject of German music have not been characterized by their tolerance) was recommended, in the heat of the discussion, to "s'asseoir dessus," if that would be any consolation, while one young man openly demanded that this same distinguished composer should be "enlevé." The whole incident, however, was perfectly good-natured, and obviously hugely enjoyed by the audience; and Wagner may now take his place once more by the side of Beethoven and even in the same programme as S...t-S...s.

Another anomaly in the present musical situation in Paris is the difficulty, if not impossibility, of procuring Russian music, owing to the fact that nearly all the Russian masters are published in Russia or Germany, and also the extreme rarity of performances of the works of modern Russian composers. While London is now more or less familiar with the works of Scriabin, on no programme have we seen his name in Paris.* All the more welcome, therefore, was the performance of "Petrouchka" given recently by M. Gabriel Pierné and his superb orchestra (one of the finest in the world) at one of the Concerts Colonne. Stravinsky's terse, brutal and vivid music is a welcome antidote to the prevalent modern French idiom, still, with one or two notable exceptions, insufficiently emancipated from the Debussy tradition. One of these exceptions is Alfred Casella, whose war impressions ("Pagine di guerra"), played at this same concert, are really remarkable studies in tone.

The composer, whose treatment of the orchestra is certainly "advanced," has taken five scenes in the different theatres of the war (e.g., Belgium—heavy artillery; Russia, a Cossack charge; France, before the ruins of Reims Cathedral, etc.), and without being either prolix or banal has attempted to find the musical equivalent to the emotions aroused by each. Each number is short and very condensed, but undoubtedly 'comes off'; the realistic method employed is similar to that of Moussorgsky—transcription rather than translation.

To return to the subject of Russian music, the Moussorgsky recital given recently by Koubitzky was of the greatest interest, the singer's rendering of the extraordinary "Chants et Danses de la Mort" and "Les Enfantines" being of the very highest quality. It is also good news to learn that a Stravinsky Festival concert has been arranged for February next.

Those interested in the development of the composer of the "Sacre du Printemps" may also look for the appearance, in the near future, of a new "Ragtime" from his pen; while another event of some interest will be the publication of a set of "Nocturnes" which Erik Satie is now finishing.

* Since writing the above we notice that M. Brailowsky played Scriabin's F minor Sonata, and other piano compositions, at his recitals on November 29 and December 6.

Drama

A TRIPLE BILL

THE three constituents of the Art Theatre's latest production—a regulation poetic drama, a post-impressionist ballet, and a mediæval Latin "comedy"—seem so disparate as to afford no ground for general criticism. But a single quality in the methods of their producer may be traced prominently in all three of them, and may be used as a convenient focus for their examination. Madame Donnet gives every sign of being pre-occupied as a producer with what might perhaps be described as the plastic side of her art: she is extremely interested in the question of the arrangement of the bodies of her actors upon the stage. She is not merely concerned, however, with the immediate question of the "abstract" beauty of the movements and arrangements upon the stage of colours, lines, and masses in two or in three dimensions—though this is not overlooked; but she is evidently devoted above all to experimenting in the possibilities of "expressive" movement. It is a natural consequence of the history of contemporary painting that theatrical producers should, by a somewhat dubious analogy, expect to find a more powerful and a more definitely æsthetic means for expressing dramatic emotion than those offered by everyday life. It is tempting to believe that there is some series of bodily movements which, if one could only discover them, would express the feelings involved in the death of Cleopatra far more perfectly than the movements which are the automatic result of real emotion. And then, when once these non-realistic gestures had been decided upon, they could be taught by purely objective methods to the actors, who need never again be worried by psychological considerations. One would hesitate to give an *a priori* denial of the possibility of establishing such a system of dramatic expression; but Madame Donnet's attempts enable one to estimate her difficulties.

It is in a ballet that the prospects of success would seem likely to be brightest, for a ballet (or, at all events, such a ballet as Madame Donnet has based upon César Franck's music) is not setting out to represent human emotions, but to express or to arouse in the audience some more abstract emotion, involved already perhaps in the musical accompaniment. Nevertheless, the system of expressive movements in the "Ballet Philosophique," on Monday, broke down entirely and for at least two interdependent reasons. In the first place there was an extreme lack of variety in the movements. If expressive movements are realistic or closely based upon realism, their variety is as unlimited in range and subtlety as the real emotions which they express; but in proportion as the producer departs from reality by simplification or symbolism he is likely to become more monotonous. To invent, as Madame Donnet has tried to do, an entire expressive system out of the blue is to make a painful exposure of the narrowness of the individual's powers of imagination. For there already exists in the classical ballet technique a non-realistic system of expressive movement—a system evolved by a slowly elaborated tradition; and the superiority of this system to Madame Donnet's in flexibility and power was startlingly obvious—though it may be observed that the classical technique itself is usually considered too monotonous, and is nowadays being made deeper and subtler by realistic furbishings. And this leads to Madame Donnet's second difficulty—namely, the technical incompetence of her executants. The Dalcroze rhythmic gymnastics may be an admirable training for well-balanced citizens, but they are a very poor one for theatrical dancers. The knowledge of this fact no doubt acted as an additional brake upon Madame Donnet's halting choreographic imagination.

and the final result was an alternation of dullness in the slower movements with chaos in the faster.

The poverty of the effects of these deliberately constructed expressive movements was masked in the case of Mr. John Drinkwater's play. The emotions of the author of "A Night of the Trojan War" were perfectly interpreted by the careful emptiness of the actors' attitudes and gestures. It was a real pleasure to watch the way in which the young Greek soldier washed his hands and dried them after his return from a night marauding expedition, and the successful killing of a Trojan sentry ("cold water's good after this pitiful doing"); the least *souçon* of reality or truth at that moment and all would have been lost, but Madame Donnet was ready for any emergency.

The possibility of applying her system to the spoken drama had a more serious test in Mr. Waley's translation of the nun Hroswitha's "Callimachus," a play written in the tenth century, and supposed by its author to be in the manner of Terence. As there is no evidence as to how, if at all, it was originally performed, Madame Donnet had a free hand. Her idea of carrying the naïveté of the words into the whole production was perhaps right, and in any case gave her an especially good opportunity for substituting conventional for realistic acting. But here, too, she was defeated. In the ballet her difficulty had been with incompetent performers; in "Callimachus" they were too competent. It takes more than Madame Donnet to disconcert a well-trained professional actor. She might, like Herr Hagenbeck, force them into stained-glass attitudes and induce them to look both angular and flat. But it was only skindeep, and it didn't last. Every moment the polar bear or one of the tigers was slinking off its stool and quietly relapsing into its normal and graceful habits—till a crack of the whip sent it sheepishly back again to its duty. And their voices seem to have been altogether forgotten. What is the use of making Mr. Basil Rathbone adopt our system of conventionalized gestures, if we allow him to continue to thrill us with all the familiar graces of his first-rate theatrical "diction"? What is the use of disguising Mr. Thesiger as St. John unless he can be persuaded to forget that he made his reputation in "A Little Bit of Fluff"? There were even moments when the actors seemed to be laughing at the play, which would have been fatal even if it had been hoped that the audience would actually laugh at it. The incongruities, in fact, though they did not destroy the enjoyment of the play, threw doubts upon Madame Donnet's theories of production—or, at all events, upon her powers of putting them in practice. J. S.

Communications

ENGLAND AND MODERN ART

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—A few months after a review of one of my books had appeared in THE ATHENÆUM, I came across it. As a rule, I never answer; and, moreover, unlike most authors of the present time, I always wonder at anybody's taking the trouble to criticize my books. I do not know who wrote the article.* Was it an artistic old lady, or an artistic young man who described me as a discontented, ruffled, angry, spinsterish *laudator temporis acti*? Whoever he or she was seemed to have missed the point. As a matter of fact, the first volume of "Propos de Peintre," namely "De David à Degas," was for the most part made up of essays on artists whom I have known, and none of them later than 1900-1908; these might have formed part of a book of memoirs, and I avoided with great care discussing or shaping out emergency theories, such as Maurice Denis's. I do not believe in the power of theories at a period of universal upheaval when well-meaning, mature artists, many of them intelligent and enthusiastic, are less well equipped as craftsmen than our little boys and girls

whose sketches Mr. Roger Fry and myself would often like to exhibit or hang by our bedside. I have come more and more to disbelieve in laying down principles; so much so that, as art critic of the *Revue de Paris*, I have been wrestling for months with M. André Lhote, the new art critic and representative painter of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. The British public is perhaps aware that M. Jacques Rivière, the brilliant editor of that exclusive review, has promised that he would "accoucher la France" of "sa vérité" and would publish only that which was "pure." His manifesto in the first issue of the *N.R.F.*, unsigned as it was, inspired among his new and former collaborators alike a sort of feverish glamour. Passionate answers and contradictions followed. My dear old friend Gide stood on one foot behind the scenes smiling; Gide at least creates something, instead of speculating on the deplorable state of affairs among artists, all more or less at a loss, poor dears, to ascertain what is good, what is bad, in *post bellum* art, for the commonwealth and health of the nation.

But let us go back to the review of my book. The reviewer, he or she (I feel inclined to think she), writes as if he understood I meant to convey that *les frères Rouart* were the last genuine, sincere, honest picture-collectors extant; and he went on to rate me as a prim, sulky enemy of what is new. My ill-informed critic might have ascertained that my personal collection began with works by Cézanne, Manet and so forth, when the vanguard of our present-day aesthetes were still sucking their thumbs in the nursery, and that my doors have always been open to what Mr. Fry would not like me to call his fads (thank goodness, I have not been lenient to all his fads and games!)—and that my last purchase was a picture by Georges Braque; not at all because I sided with *Cubists*, in particular, but that I felt pretty sure M. Braque, M. Picasso and a very few more in the group, were born painters, a kind that Nature is reluctant to produce daily by the dozen. What I am determined to combat in my writings is snobbery, irrelevant fads, cheap mundane opinions, fashionable mental restrictions, and to denounce a perilous lack of *esprit critique* in art circles.

I must say I was extremely amused by my first glimpse of an English paper, on my landing at Newhaven after my five years' absence. As I was enjoying my tea in the Pullman car, my old friend the waiter handed me a copy of the *Times*. My eyes immediately fell on a dithyrambic article devoted to the Matisse show, one that might have been written by Sir Claude Phillips fifteen years ago about Mr. John S. Sargent, or the Chevalier von Laszlo, or Sir Edward Burne-Jones, twenty-five years back. This very able essay seemed to me rather startling until my visit to London set me in the new atmosphere created, I fancy, by war. I had come over for the Ruskin show; I went round the various galleries, including Messrs. Brown & Phillips', where a few sketches by Matisse are on view; and of an evening to the opera, to the Empire Theatre, when I was made to realize that tam o'shanter had replaced tiaras in the stalls and dress circle—if not in the boxes too. Everybody seems determined to be "artistic," "advanced"; the vanguard is become a huge army. I was glad to see that Picasso, Derain (the wildest of our French pre-Raphaelite-post-impressionist-neo-traditionalist masters, formerly from Les Indépendants) had already reached—as M. Matisse will very shortly—the general London public, over the footlights of M. Diaghileff's stage, on the wings of Léonide Massine—this youth a wonderfully subtle and refined picture collector himself. It is getting obvious that the "happy few" guests of the private views, in the olden days, are coming to be throngs of thoroughly well-informed playgoers. There is very little left to fight for, apart from the case of those who have reached a certain age: M. Matisse is already getting as old-fashioned in Paris, almost as unpopular in the Salon d'Automne, as Meissonier was in the Champ de Mars (1889). At the Salon d'Automne we now have our up-to-date Boldinis, Gandaras; but these are named Van Dongen, Favory, and are just as fashionable and smart as their elders used to be at the Ritz. The stage gives a remarkable advertisement; much as those art-shops which Mr. Fry, Lady Sackville-West and other mundane art-lovers have founded since the first years of this century. The public have approached Art across the counters, and just by their buying lampshades and nick-nacks; sensitive refined spinsters and dowagers have been helped to understand quaint early pictures, weird early

works of art, Oriental and European, by making a daily practice of sham lacquer, cheap prints, "effective" material, papier-mâché.

My critic and myself certainly admire a lot of things in common; whether he will or no, he may be assured of that; yet I grant I have not been quite so fickle as most professional aesthetes have recently proved to be, in their buzzing flight around any flower-bed where a fresh orchid grew. I might point out to him many more unexpected orchids in my country, such as will soon send him off his head; but, on the other hand, just as many of his favourites are already being discarded, as trivial, or mistakes of the past. Let him read carefully *La Nouvelle Revue Française* or the *Nouveau Spectateur*, correspondance rédigée par Roger Allard, published by M. Paul Guillaume, of 336 Faubourg St. Honoré, the well-known dealer and philosopher, a great supporter in Paris of Mr. Fry's theories. Gauguin's remains are already being thrown to the dogs, with Félicien Rops's. "*Sous prétexte de symbolisme, on a prôné l'art de Gauguin sans aucune mesure, et il est à craindre qu'il n'arrive pour lui ce qui est advenu pour Rops, auquel les marchands de bouquins continuent seuls de vouer un culte intéressé.*"

As to Degas, be very careful! M. André Lhote confesses he has hardly any admiration at all for Degas—hardly more than he has for the Dubufe of the fifties . . . ; whilst a M. Waldemar Georg, a Russian refugee with most advanced opinions, holds Degas *un pur classique*—a salad of opinions. M. Lhote does not admire Rembrandt; but he admires Louis David as much as Cézanne. M. Waldemar declares himself quite *at home* in the present Salon d'Automne, and this Slav holds forth on *ce dont la France a besoin*: a powerful, constructive, sensible art, very classical, yet ultra-modern. But . . . ! Unfortunately very few "thinkers," in the Salon d'Automne and the *avant-garde* reviews, are agreed upon what *classique* means. I might quote thousands of illuminating sentences on *le désastre* of the Degas sales; yes, *un désastre*, so my friend M. Daniel Halévy calls it, he the Benjamin of Degas. Degas played a nasty trick on picture dealers, art critics and amateurs who had boomed Toulouse Lautrec and dethroned Degas; "*un petit maître intimiste,*" wrote M. Vauxcelles, when the master died. "Geniuses" go to their grave at a tremendous pace, in a motor that drops wreaths of laurel on the way.

I thank my critic very much for saying my pen-and-ink portrait of Charles Conder (in my book "De David à Degas") is far superior to any of those I signed as a painter; but most likely this busy individual does not remember well my painted portrait of dear Charles Conder. He remains under the spell of the late Robert Ross and of the whole set of partisans who, for very touching sentimental reasons, threw my name out of the illustrated book on Charles Conder, in the life of whom I played, in spite of them, a certain part which might have been honestly recorded. This is all very amusing, interesting, and belongs to a period of giddy amateurism, snobbery, and wild teatime tango foolery.

My up-to-date critic also declares himself happy over the preface to my book, which is the work of M. Marcel Proust, the latest crack in the fox-trot literary advanced circles over here. Well, I think I ought to be proud since I insisted several years ago upon the *Nouvelle Revue Française's* publishing M. Proust's novels, which the ante-bellum *N.R.F.* deemed *mundane, meretricious, flippant, journalistic*. In those days the *N.R.F.* backed a totally different range of artists, whom now M. Lhote is overthrowing, haughtily stuck-up as he is on his Davidian platform of a neo-traditionalism—erected against Matisse and other born painters. M. Paul Bourget, the Academician, is now applauded as the one who wrote the best short story during the war. Where? In the *N.R.F.* . . . ! Shop, shop, shop. Fashion. Latest from Paris. I dare say London joins in. A new species of *commandement unique*, the kind the victory of the Allies was due to.

November 30, 1919.

JACQUES EMILE BLANCHE.

THE ORIANA MADRIGAL SOCIETY will give a concert of Christmas and other music at the Æolian Hall on Tuesday, December 23, at 8.15 p.m., assisted by the Philharmonic String Quartet. Among the works to be performed are plain-song melodies, motets by Palestrina and Sweelinck, new arrangements of English and foreign traditional carols, part-songs by Debussy, etc., etc.

Correspondence

THE DANGER OF PHONETICS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In my friend Professor Saintsbury's very kind notice of my paper on Homophones in THE ATHENÆUM for November 28, he attributes to me a risky use of irony. I appreciate the ingenuity by which he would generously absolve me from what he considers to be vulgar opinions, but I wish to explain that I am guiltless of any irony in the matter.

The explanation is simple. The main difficulty in dealing with these topics is that one has to address an audience composed of two sections which have opposite convictions. One section believes that the (so-called) decay in speech does not exist except among uneducated persons; and this party is chiefly represented by our classical scholars who pronounce Latin like English and who regard language as something written. The other section embraces our philologists proper, and the expert phoneticians who regard language as spoken, and maintain that the "decay" is so widespread that it is impossible to withstand it or correct it. My own position is that the decay exists and that it is to some extent remediable. Had I been really ironical, I should have contended that the decay did not exist, and that it was irremediable.

I think that a careful reader of my essay must see that I am serious throughout, and not ironical in maintaining that the confusion of words really exists.

There is an admirable book entitled "The King's English," written by the brothers Fowler, which shows them to be enthusiasts for the objects of the S.P.E., and also most competent students of literary English. Now these accomplished critics—Professor Saintsbury can scarcely call them *uneducated*—also edited "The Smaller Oxford Dictionary" (founded on Murray), which has won high reputation and almost universal use among writers. Alongside of other evidence, I have stated the fact that this dictionary, where it prescribes pronunciations, accepts the decayed forms as correct.

Again, in the preface (p. xi) of Mrs. Woods' "Princess of Hanover," 1902, the words *dawn* and *morn* are stated to be perfect rhymes. Can Professor Saintsbury argue that Mrs. Woods is *uneducated*?

ROBERT BRIDGES.

THE NEW PROSODY

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I have hitherto treated Mr. Bayfield with great civility, and I do not propose to let my own manners be corrupted. But as he seems to misunderstand my forbearance, it may be well, in old schoolboy phraseology, to "let him have it a little straighter." He thinks that I have deserted my cause. I need have no great objection to his thinking so. As the great Lord Derby said or quoted on a famous occasion, "It pleases *him*, and it doesn't hurt *me*." But Mr. Bayfield is apt to think very curious things. He thinks that Horace, in whose time Greek language and Greek poetry were living, and who must have been intimately acquainted with them, knew less about them than a person of the name of Schmidt who (as Porson long since prepared us to expect from persons of such names) played tricks with these poor noble *dead* things a few decades ago. He thinks that Mr. Swinburne—something of a scholar, a good deal of a critic, and an impeccable metrist—couldn't scan his own verses. And now he thinks that I—though Heaven forbid that I should class myself with these two great poets and prosodists—must not say "rhythm and metre" because I have laid it down that metre is rhythm repeated and regulated in certain ways! He is really too generous in thus accumulating proofs of the uselessness of argument with him. As for my "deserting my cause," one is not very likely to desert a cause that has been adopted, not from any influence of authority or tradition, not in order to support any *a priori* theory, but simply from a lifelong reading of English poetry, checked by study of prosodic theories and systems of all ages and kinds, including that which Mr. Bayfield thinks "new." I hold to my cause, and my cause suffices me. I certainly shall not desert it for love or fear of any other. Anacrusis, to whom Mr. Bayfield seems

indissolubly wedded, is an old friend of mine and is a pretty enough *minois chiffonné* of a girl. She will do (to invert Tennyson's contrast) well now and then for a casual mistress, but certainly not for a wife. It seemed to me worth while to point out, once for all, that Mr. Bayfield's theory is based upon principles quite arbitrary, and that, as applied in practice, it results either in a congeries of soundless symbols as meaningless and useless as the gesticulations of Thaumast and Panurge, or, when scanned aloud, in a tuneless jumble of jolted rhythms. It did not seem quite superfluous to add here no more, I hope, than what Cowley calls a "gentlemanlike correction" of Mr. Bayfield for crowing too soon and too loud. Henceforward I shall obey as far as he is concerned one of the wisest counsels of Holy Writ: "Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone."

Your obedient servant,
GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

1, Royal Crescent, Bath.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Bayfield proffers a challenge *urbi et orbi*, and must therefore tolerate a word from one who has neither mansion nor lodging within the city of his "eminent literary men and women," his "four poets," and, presumably, the favourable reviewer of his last paragraph, but is a simple, and therefore representative, outer *περίοικος*, though for some fifty years a not wholly unintelligent student of English verse.

The refusal by an eminent critic of extended argument is satisfactory to Mr. Bayfield as "a desertion of his cause." Within my long memory a public lecturer has maintained by serious argument the thesis that the earth is flat. To refute him by serious argument would have been easy enough but superfluous. The appropriate answer was that the world knew better. To refute Mr. Bayfield line by line is easy enough but superfluous. The poetry-reading world knows better. The assertion is inaccurate that ninety-nine educated—or, for the matter of that, uneducated but instinctive—poetry-readers out of every hundred know that rhythm and metre are one, that the stressed syllable need not, and usually does not, come first, that the normal foot is the iambic. It is inaccurate because *more* than nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand know these things. This general knowledge is our safe insurance against the horrors of Bayfield-trochaic "better restoration of Shakespeare's text."

If Mr. Bayfield were not musically tone-deaf, if he were not ignorant of a principle which lies at the core of English verse-structure, he would know that his cardinal line,

What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here?

"defies delivery" in anything *but* iambics, and that the stress cannot fall on its first syllable, but *must* coincide with each of the three alliterations *hemp-, home-, have*. No English child with a native sense of rhythm would deliver it otherwise.

With Baconian cryptograms and other remarkable discoveries in Shakespeare we are familiar. It has been left to Mr. Bayfield to "go one better" in detecting Greek Sapphics in ordinary iambic lines. He is "no controversialist," yet is prompt with "grossly," "repulsive," etc. Epithets not inapplicable to his notions lie ready to hand, but Hooker's words suffice: "To their reasons we answer no, to their scoffs nothing." G. E.

SWINBURNE, WATTS-DUNTON AND THE NEW VOLUME OF SWINBURNE SELECTIONS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—In the Preface to a volume of "Selections from Swinburne" recently issued by Mr. Heinemann there appears a statement which should not, I think, go unchallenged. The publisher writes: "The only selection from the poems of Swinburne hitherto available in England was one made by Watts-Dunton in 1887. It consisted of pieces that appealed especially to his personal taste, and omitted many that have been recognised as among the best the poet ever wrote." The Selection evidently indicated (issued in 1887, and continuing up to 1913) is entitled "Selections from Swinburne's Poems." It has a Preface by my late husband in which he explicitly states: "The peculiar interest of these selections from Swinburne's poetry is that the poems,

with the exception of four additions, were all chosen by Swinburne himself." (The four additions were made after the death of the poet in 1909.) Thus my husband is accused by the publisher of the new volume of selections of having been guilty of deliberate untruth. I am willing to believe that the statement was made through carelessness and not from any unworthy motive. But as it stands it is a grave slur on the memory of an honourable man, and has affronted the many who loved him and has given great pain to

Yours faithfully,
C. WATTS-DUNTON.

The Pines, Putney Hill, S.W.,
December 5, 1919.

SHENSTONE'S EPITAPH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May yet another attempt be made to put in an English setting

Heu quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam tui
Meminisse?

If so, I would suggest the following:

Alas, how much a poorer thing
Is life with those that be
Than days pass'd in remembering
What thou hast been to me!

Yours faithfully,
E. SULLIVAN.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—As an old schoolfellow of Frederic Harrison, may I offer him a closer rendering of Shenstone's Epitaph than that which you published from Peking?

How poor the cheer,
Whoe'er the comrades be,
Compared with mere
Remembering of Thee!

May I also have the pleasure of recalling the circumstance that the first article in THE ATHENÆUM was written by my father, Henry Stebbing?

Believe me yours very truly,
THOMAS R. R. STEBBING.

Ephraim Lodge, The Common, Tunbridge Wells.

HUN NAMES OF PLACES IN ENGLAND

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—A short time ago there was an agitation against the use and for the removal of Hun (or rather German) names of places in England. The names of Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, and Coburg had, of course, their origins in our Anglo-German sovereigns and their consorts, but some of the most ancient, and more important, were entirely overlooked. Thomas Warton, commenting on Milton's line "Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name" (*Miscellanies*. Anno Ætatis XIX.), says:—

Humber, a Scythian king, landed in Britain three hundred years before the Roman invasion, and was drowned in this river by Locrine, after conquering King Albanact. Drayton has made a most beautiful use of this tradition in his *Elegy*, "Upon three sons of the Lord Sheffield drowned in 'Humber'":

O cruell Humber, guiltie of their gore!
I now believe, more than I did before,
The British story whence thy name begun,
Of kingly Humber, an invading Hun,
By thee deuoured: for 'tis likely thou
With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty, till now
The Ouse and Done—

Yours faithfully, ANDREW DE TERNANT.

THE BUSY BROWNIES. By Ethel Talbot. (Collins, 48 pp., 6/- n.)—The Busy Brownies are the small Scouts and Girl Guides, who are very enthusiastic, doing and making the most wonderful things. They get pleasure and fun out of their work and never seem to have a dull moment. The book is well illustrated in colour and line.

Foreign Literature

A RECENT SPANISH NOVEL

LOS ENEMIGOS DE LA MUJER. Por Vicente Blasco Ibáñez.
(Valencia, Prometeo. 4 pesetas.)

IF wide circulation were a decisive proof of merit, there could scarcely be a doubt as to the position of Señor Blasco Ibáñez in contemporary Spanish literature. With the possible exception of Señor Pérez Galdós, who belongs to a previous generation, Señor Blasco Ibáñez is the best-known of Spanish novelists. His originals are read wherever Spanish is spoken, and, where Spanish is not spoken, his works are available in translations—some of them (as, for example, the renderings of M. Hérèlle) deserving of high praise. Versions are prepared for American-English readers, for Bohemians, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Poles, Portuguese and Russians. Such unprecedented vogue naturally calls for some explanation, and—as usual—the forthcoming explanations seldom err on the side of indulgence. We are told, for example, that Señor Blasco Ibáñez “writes for exportation,” and that he is not representative of Spain as a whole. The same criticism applies to most of the modern Spanish novelists who have graduated in the school of *regionalismo*. Pereda was undoubtedly most at home in Cantabria, and Valera in Andalusia, while the Condesa de Pardo Bazán shows to most advantage in her transcriptions of Galician scenery and manners. An exception is to be found in the distinguished work of Señor Palacio Valdés, who describes Andalusia with as much apparent ease and mastery as though the scene was laid in his native province of Asturias.

As Señor Blasco Ibáñez has shown in such early works as “Arroz y Tartana” and “Flor de Mayo,” he is most familiar with the “orchard of Spain”—with Valencia del Cid and the adjacent district. But he could not be content to move in so narrow a sphere. Even in his first phase there is a trace of the naturalism which Zola brought into fashion, and this characteristic has grown more marked with time. Other influences have combined to affect Señor Blasco Ibáñez. Politics have marked out a course for him, and it would be idle to deny that to political causes he owed no small part of the resounding triumph which he won with “La Catedral,” and which he repeated with the publication of “La Horda.” Impressionable in a very high degree, Señor Blasco Ibáñez has naturally not been insensitive to the public events of the last few years. We did not know—we had no reason to suppose—that he had abjured the collectivist views which lay at the root of “La Catedral” and the rest. This was no guarantee of his views on matters which touched us more closely. In Spain sympathies are deeply divided, and some leaders of advanced opinions did not hesitate to declare against the Allied Powers. It was, therefore, a genuine relief to some of us to gather from “Los cuatro jinetes del Apocalipsis” and from “Mare nostrum” that Señor Blasco Ibáñez was where we should wish him to be—on our side. And that the thesis still retains all its interest for him is evident from the last of his novels.

“Los enemigos de la mujer” is a title which is superficially suggested by the theme of “Love’s Labour’s Lost.” In it we are made acquainted with the story of a fabulously wealthy Prince Lubimoff who, when about thirty-eight, finds his vast fortune imperilled by developments in Russia. Most of the action takes place, not in Navarre, but on the Riviera, and the incidents are very much what we might expect them to be within range of Monte Carlo: intrigues, gambling-scenes, disputes as to what “system” (if any) should be followed at the croupier’s table, and duels. There are comparatively few attempts at character-drawing,

and the few that we find are not always successful. Mme. Delille’s elaborate presentment is not—to be candid—worth the pains spent on it. On the other hand, the thumbnail sketches of secondary figures, like Don Marcos de Toledo and Atilio Castro, are singularly forcible and vivid. A mordant portrait of the German Emperor fussing about on board the “Gaviota II.” will be found on p. 83. This demonstrates that Señor Blasco Ibáñez can see and can render. There is perhaps a touch of rancorous caricature in the likeness, but that the picture represents the writer’s deliberate view is shown by the general reflections on pp. 431-2. We think that persons have less attraction than politics for Señor Blasco Ibáñez. It was the German Emperor’s fate to be opposed to the novelist in politics, and this brings him within focus. Señor Blasco Ibáñez is perhaps a novelist by accident. He is not so much interested in fictitious personages as in historical characters or political propaganda. Having selected the novel as a vehicle for expressing his political opinions, he has by his talent been able to handle the instrument with undeniable skill and ample effect. In his hands romance verges on sociology; greatly as he has succeeded as a novelist, we are by no means certain that he has found his true vocation. This, however, is a matter of speculation; in the domain which he has actually chosen he attains an amount of excellence which justifies his choice. It is commonly alleged that Señor Blasco Ibáñez writes too hastily. This is true in the case of “Sónnica la Cortesana.” There are few signs of breathless improvisation in “Los Enemigos de la Mujer.”

J. F.-K.

A GERMAN NOVELIST’S POLITICAL CREED

BETRACHTUNGEN EINES UNPOLITISCHEN. Von Thomas Mann.
(Berlin, S. Fischer. 13 marks.)

WHEN a book of political reflections, over six hundred pages in length, by one of Germany’s leading intellectual novelists, attains in the year following the armistice to its tenth edition—and these are the facts concerning Thomas Mann’s “Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen,” written at the end of 1917, and published in 1918 before the end of the war—it is evidently a volume of more than restricted national importance; it becomes of international interest. And to anyone who reads Mann’s book and grasps the ideas on which it is based—by no means an easy task, for the style is often exasperatingly obscure and tautological—it will indeed appear significant that its arguments should still find favour with the great German public. For Mann is nothing less than a firm antagonist (by anticipation) of the Revolution of November last and of all the democratic doctrine which lay behind it. He is a novelist, an analyst of human character and contemporary social movements—his best book, of course, is the famous “Buddenbrooks, Der Verfall einer Familie”—who, with an artist’s aversion from things political, as the title of his book indicates, yet sets out to reflect on present-day political tendencies.

Mann’s point of view is very soon given by his choice of philosophical heroes—Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. In his Preface he seizes on a sentence in Nietzsche’s posthumous writings, a sentence “incredibly full of intuition,” concerning “Die Meistersinger.” “Die Meistersinger”—the antithesis to civilization, the German as opposed to the French.” And this gives the keynote of the novelist’s discursive reflections. His *bête noire*, anathematized again and again in these pages, is the “Zivilisationsliterat,” the novelist, French or at least under French influence, who is continually prating of democracy and liberty. Such a man, if he be a German, by implication condemns

the whole basis of Germany's national existence and the foundation of her former greatness, namely, that she, at least, was not democratic, was not "politisiert"—for taking to politics is for Mann the same thing as embracing the cause of democracy, and this again is equivalent, in so far as the European war is concerned, to taking the side of Germany's enemies.

The political spirit as democratic enlightenment and "human civilization" is not only psychologically un-German; it is of necessity anti-German, wherever it prevails.

This thought of his country as something unique, as an historical and political phenomenon without its fellow in contemporary Europe, runs through all Mann's writing. He begins one of his chapters by recalling the well-known characterization by Dostoevsky of Germany as "das protestierende Reich"; and ends it by the statement of his conviction that Germany's final protest is against the "imperialism of civilization" which called itself the Entente, and is but a form of that "Roman idea of unification" against which Germany has struggled throughout her history. On this follows an attack on M. Romain Rolland for ascribing to him the idea that Germany's sole idea was one of militarism. A passage of more permanent interest succeeds—in which Mann gives a number of autobiographical details. He tells us that he is partly of Latin-American blood, is not a true German by birth and had never had the ambition to become a true German artist, such as Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, or Herbert Eulenberg. He has nevertheless entered very completely into that German spirit which makes for cosmopolitanism, and reminds us that, like all educated Germans, he himself has tended to become a European. It is as a German who feels himself a European that Mann defends the German heritage of anti-democracy against the all-embracing radicalism which has spread its influence through the world since the French Revolution. These pages of reminiscence and self-revelation are the most attractive in the book and would alone, in spite of the shipwreck Mann's hopes and prophecies have suffered, justify continued interest in it.

The events of the past twelve months have made some of Mann's observations curiously pointless. It is not true to-day, for instance—though it was no doubt true when Mann wrote it, and one wonders whether it may not be true again—that all conservative elements in Europe were in secret sympathy with Germany or at least shared her ideas. For the rest, Mann cannot be fairly charged with having been blind to the coming of what was to him the final disaster to Germany—the republican revolution. He realized, and with a glance at Bismarck frequently gives expression to, the fact that Germany had been "put into the saddle of democracy" and had nothing for it but to ride through to the end. For Mann the war was in a very true sense a "war of ideas"; he acknowledges that had it been a mere physical struggle it would not have roused him, his national sympathy would have remained almost passive. But he saw it as a moral attack on Germany, and Germany's defensive as a veritable fight for life in the spiritual sphere. And the peace which he hoped would result from it all was not a peace of internationalism, bringing with it "verewigte Anarchie," but a supra-national peace, resting on the guarantee of "the supra-national nation," namely, the German Empire. These hopes were not fulfilled. This book will not, therefore, claim attention as a prophecy of ideals, an exposition of principles which have won acceptance. It is as an intensely subjective statement on political questions by one of Germany's foremost literary artists, as the proclamation of a faith in ruthless nationalism and robust conservatism which was once highly representative of Germany and is by no means extinct to-day—as this we believe that the position of these "Betrachtungen" is secure.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander (Archibald). THE STUFF OF LIFE: forty-two brief talks on daily duty and religion. Allenson [1919]. 7½ in. 255 pp., 5/ n. 170.4

A number of pleasant, but vague and inconclusive essays on the common problems of life and conduct.

Cohen (Chapman). RELIGION AND SEX ("The Open Mind Library"). Foulis [1919]. 7½ in. 287 pp. index, 6/ n. 176

A useful summary of current ideas on the relation between the phenomena of religion and the phenomena of sex. Mr. Cohen is careful to point out that religious feelings do not originate in the sexual instinct; his thesis is that, religious feelings once postulated, they are strongly coloured and given a direction by sex. Man is an instinctive animal; but his capacity for varied reaction to instinct is so great that it is only of late years that we have begun to detect the instinctive reality beneath the intellectual and spiritual appearances of conduct. Mr. Cohen shows how this psychological method has been applied in one branch of human behaviour.

200 RELIGION.

Genung (John Franklin). A GUIDEBOOK TO THE BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Boston, Mass., Ginn [1919]. 8½ in. 702 pp. index. 220.6

The Bible as a literature, as a library, and as a book—that is how the point of view is stated at the beginning of this treatise, which offers systematic guidance to the study of the growth of the Bible, the historical development of the Hebrew mind, the particular tendencies and needs of the successive eras represented in Biblical literature and the particular genius of the writers, and the spiritual nature of their message. It is an American work, written in the heavy style affected by the American pundit, inviting the reader, for instance, to "the straight study of the Bible itself, as one would study a virgin object of science, without reflection, without denial, without surrogate." Those who are not discouraged by the preface and the abstract style of the whole work will find the matter instructive.

Pensonby (Arthur). A CONFLICT OF OPINION: a discussion on the failure of the Church. Swarthmore Press [1919]. 7½ in. 176 pp., 6/ n. 204

An argument between a doctor and a parson, the more effective for those to whom it is addressed in that the doctor is not a complete sceptic and believes in a moral force pervading the universe.

Turton (W. H.). THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY: being an examination of the more important arguments for and against believing in that religion. Wells Gardner, 1919. 7½ in. 523 pp. indexes, 2/ n. 239

The ninth edition (fortieth thousand) of this well-known work, revised throughout.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

"Azorin" [Martínez Ruiz (J.)]. AL MARGEN DE LOS CLÁSICOS Madrid, 1915. 7½ in. 232 pp., 3.50 ptas.—UN PUEBLECITO: RIOFRÍO DE AVILA. Madrid, 1916 ("Publicaciones de la Residencia de Estudiantes"). 7½ in. 168 pp., 3 ptas. 309.146

Sr. Martínez Ruiz is the best possible guide to Spain and Spanish things. His "marginal notes" on life and letters, people and places, serve as an introduction to the study of social as well as intellectual conditions in the Peninsula.

Bailey (C. W.). HAPPINESS IN THE SCHOOL: some practical suggestions for beginners in teaching. Blackie, 1919. 7 in. 95 pp., 2/ n. 371.3

The head master of the Holt School, Liverpool, has written what should be a useful little handbook for the teacher. He speaks of the psychology of the child and the psychological basis of teaching, as seen in the maintaining of discipline and the rousing of interest and attention. The methods and personality of the teacher must be taken into account, and then the school will be successful in making "this dull world a temple of delight."

Castillejo (José). LA EDUCACIÓN EN INGLATERRA. Madrid, Ediciones de "La Lectura," 1919. 9 in. 674 pp., 12 ptas. 370.942

This is a monumental work on the subject; it is fully indexed, and contains an extensive bibliography. A review will appear later.

Dillon (E. J.). THE PEACE CONFERENCE. Hutchinson [1919]. 9 in. 451 pp. index, 21/- n. 341.1
See review, p. 1334.

***Folk-Lore:** transactions of the Folk-Lore Society, September. Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 9½ in. 81 pp., 6/6. 398.05

The *pièce de résistance* is Mr. Hildburgh's "Magical Applications of Brooms in Japan," which is followed by Mr. H. Peake's "Santiago, the Evolution of a Patron Saint," and several interesting short articles on Negro, Tongan, Welsh, and Irish folk-lore, and a number of reviews. Had Swift by any chance heard of the curious observances connected with the sweeping out of rooms after the departure of an unwelcome guest or the removal of a corpse, when he wrote his famous passage on the practice at the Court of Laputa? The Santiago article has some interest for students of the origin of the French *chansons de geste*.

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

***Gruenberg (Benjamin C.).** ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY: an introduction to the science of life. Ginn [1919]. 8 in. 538 pp. il. index, 7/ n. 570.2

A highly commendable text-book, noticeable features of which are its clear arrangement, lucid explanations, and an abundance of useful diagrams. Among the main headings under which the author deals with his subject are the life processes and external relations of organisms, the continuity of life, and heredity and evolution. Mendelism is treated at considerable length, and a good deal of space is given to practical information relating to matters associated with public and personal hygiene. The book is particularly readable.

***Horner (Donald W.).** METEOROLOGY FOR ALL; being some weather problems explained. Introduction by M. de Carle S. Salter. Witherby, 1919. 8 in. il. index, 6/ n. 551.5

Not a text-book on meteorology, but a compendium of information about the weather, is the author's accurate description of this interesting work. He explains how to draw inferences from clouds and their behaviour, and gives a clear account of most of the scientific instruments and apparatus used in modern meteorology, including the oceanic and aerial branches. Chapters on how to make instruments and on weather saws and rules are not the least interesting part of the book.

700 FINE ARTS.

Clutton-Brock (Arthur). ESSAYS ON ART. Methuen [1919]. 7½ in. 156 pp., 5/ n. 704

When these essays appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* they struck one as something better even than very superior journalism—the style was so lucid and graceful, yet so simple and unadorned; the fallacies were so subtly camouflaged, even, apparently, to the author. But, though reprinted "with a few additions and corrections," they make a different impression when read, not in the train, but in the study. Mr. Clutton-Brock has not made such mincemeat of Croce as the hasty reader might have thought, and insidious "half-truths," such as he discovers in the various subjects of his criticism, are curiously obsessive of himself. His essay "The Artist and his Audience" is a case in point. Mr. Clutton-Brock is

safer as a thinker on conscience and duty than on æsthetics, though he portrays the artist—Leonardo, Mozart, or Poussin—with admirable insight.

Littlemore (F.). A GARDEN OF PEACE: a medley in quietude. Collins [1919]. 9 in. 271 pp. il., 10/6 n. 712

Primarily this is a book about a garden, or rather about different sorts of gardens, which the author has had constructed within the precincts of an old castle at "Yardley Parva"; but besides the Italian, Dutch, and other gardens, of which Mr. Littlemore gives seductive accounts, Tennyson's poetry, various ecclesiastical themes, "persons with a past," the "Cheshire Cheese," the stage, "parsons and pyjamas," and the hybridization of flowers are lightly and pleasantly touched on. The numerous delightful illustrations include the castle gateway and keep, the "Shelter of Artemis," the creeper-clad residence, and a rose colonnade.

***Williams-Ellis (Clough).** COTTAGE BUILDING IN COB, PISÉ, CHALK AND CLAY: a renaissance. Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. "Country Life," 1919. 8 in. 125 pp., il. app. index, 6/ n. 728.64

Detailed information, carefully sifted and methodically arranged, on the plastic or semi-plastic modes of building discussed recently at great length in the *Spectator*, is supplied by Mr. Williams-Ellis, who acknowledges that the book has been made possible by the work and kindness of Mr. Alban Scott.

780 MUSIC.

Bantock (Granville). THE GREAT GOD PAN: a choral ballet: Part 1, PAN IN ARCADY. Novello, 1919. 5/ n. 782
See review, p. 1345.

800 LITERATURE.

Frills and Foibles. By Curzon Street. Humphreys, 1919. 7½ in. 34 pp., 2/6 n. 828.9

"Curzon Street" is just a shade superior in the minor smartness to "Stockings and Stuff," noticed below. "Love's autograph—L.S.D." and "Marry in haste and repent at Brighton" show his—or her—amiable cynicism; but "Cupid is often an erratic shot" exemplifies a besetting triteness.

Nothing; and Other Things. Longmans, 1919. 8 in. 108 pp., 3/6 n. 824.9

There is more than verbal calisthenics in the title-essay, by the author of "Vices in Virtues," "The Life of a Prig," and "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby"; and enough wit, enough humour, and sufficient experience of life to make this little volume while away a pleasant hour.

Stockings and Stuff. Humphreys, 1919. 6 in. 128 pp., 3/6 n. 828.9

"The woman who bares her shoulders usually has a larger following than the woman who bares her soul." "English-women should wear large hats." These sentences represent the high and the low water-mark of the stuff—or nonsense—embalmed in this booklet and its wall-paper cover.

POETRY.

***Cook (Albert Stanburrough),** ed. THE OLD ENGLISH ELENE, PHENIX AND PHYSIOLOGUS. Newhaven, Conn., Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 1919. 8½ in. 89+239 pp., 17/ n. 829.4

The Professor of English Language and Literature at Yale puts English students under an obligation by another excellent piece of work. He appears to have edited the text of these Cynewulfian pieces in careful and scholarly fashion, his notes are useful, and he appends ten pages of sound bibliography, in the wonted American methodical style. His introduction is valuable, especially on the sources of the legend of the finding of the Cross and the sources of the Phoenix saga, and in the learned disquisition on the Asp-Turtle.

Douglas (Lord Alfred). COLLECTED POEMS. Secker [1919]. 8½ in. 126 pp. por. 7/6 n. 821.9
See review, p. 1334.

Gould (Gerald). THE HAPPY TREE. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 9½ in. 51 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9
See review, p. 1334.

***Kipling (Rudyard).** RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE: Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918. Hodder & Stoughton, 1919. 3 vols. 9 in. 328, 334, 302 pp. indexes, 63/ n. 821.9

Paper with rough edges, and a mat surface which does not try the eyesight, large comely type, leaves of ample size, marginal headings, rubricated titles, and tastefully gilt, decorative bindings are salient features of this handsome edition. It is agreeable to handle the volumes, the possessor of which can read under the pleasantest conditions all Mr. Kipling's poems, from the "Departmental Ditties" and "Barrack-Room Ballads" to the "Recessional," the threnody upon Lord Roberts, and the verses in memory of Theodore Roosevelt. The collection will make a beautiful and appropriate "Victory year" gift.

Salaverría (José María). EL POEMA DE LA PAMPA, "MARTIN FIERRO," Y EL CRIOLLISMO ESPAÑOL. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1918. 8 in. 238 pp., 4 ptas. 861.5

Salaverría (José María). LA INTIMIDAD LITERARIA. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1919. 8 in. 308 pp., 4 ptas. 864.5

These are the latest works of a writer who is remarkable among modern Spanish authors for his sense of form and limpidity of style.

***A Treasury of War Poetry:** British and American poems of the World War, 1914-19. Edited, with introduction and notes, by George Herbert Clarke. Hodder & Stoughton [1919]. 7½ in. 448 pp. index, 10/6 n. 821.08

Professor Clarke has made a very catholic anthology: everyone is represented. There are realists, like Mr. Sassoon and Mr. Manning, who record their sufferings and protest; there are romantic idealists like Mr. Binyon. Old academic staggers, of the type of Mr. Alfred Noyes, rub shoulders with youths of passionate sincerity, with the Sorleys and Tennants, whom the war made and destroyed. Over against the shouting of Kipling and Newbolt the still, small voice of Thomas Hardy is audible. Every reader should find something in this collection to suit his taste.

Young (Francis Brett). POEMS, 1916-18. Collins [1919]. 8½ in. 88 pp., 5/ n. 821.9
See review, p. 1334.

822.33 SHAKESPEARE.

Harries (Frederick J.). SHAKESPEARE AND THE WELSH. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 256 pp. index, 15/ n. 822.33
See review, p. 1337.

FICTION.

Blasco Ibáñez (Vicente). LOS ENEMIGOS DE LA MUJER. Valencia, Prometeo Sociedad Editorial, Germanias, 35. 8 in. 447 pp. paper, 4 pesetas. 863.6
See review, p. 1351.

Bueno (Manuel). EN EL UMBRAL DE LA VIDA. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1918. 8 in. 248 pp., 4 ptas. 863.5

Besides the story which gives its name to the book, the volume contains a number of short stories and dramatic pieces, including the play "El Sabor de la Vida."

Goldingham (C. S.). FETTERS. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 296 pp., 7/ n.

The book begins as a not uninteresting study of a character, but soon degenerates. Startling incidents take the place of analysis, and the rest of the book is trite and dull. A fairly good book has been spoiled by the adoption of a wrong method.

Harrington (Katherine). FELICITY. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 284 pp., 6/6 n.

A story of the adventures of a girl who, robbed of her chance to be a school-teacher by the unimaginative brutality of a puritan father, becomes a domestic servant and ultimately marries a young literary man. In spite of the frequent harshness in the early scenes the author lapses, in the end, into the conventional idyllic.

Schaick (George Van). A TOP-FLOOR IDYLL. Skeffington [1919]. 320 pp., 6/9 n. 813.5

An American sentimental novel with a brilliant painter, a good, true old bachelor who is also a wonderful novelist, and a pure, true woman who is also a wonderful singer. The story ends pleasantly with the marriage of the singer and the novelist.

***Snaith (J. C.).** BROKE OF COVENDEN ("Westminster Library of Fiction"). Constable, 1919. 8 in. 460 pp., 3/6 n.
A well-produced reprint of one of the most charming of modern novels.

Wemyss (Mrs. George). JAUNTY IN CHARGE. Constable [1919]. 7 in. 335 pp., 2/ n.

A cheap edition of the novel first published in 1915.

Whitham (G. I.). ST. JOHN OF HONEYLEA. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 384 pp., 7/- n.

A long, slow story of a born aristocrat and of the gradual development of his attachment to an old home and to a church. A love-affair also is developed. An extremely quiet story.

Wildridge (Oswald). THE LUCK-PENNY. Chambers [1919]. 7½ in. 247 pp., 3/6 n.

The sea holds many mysteries, and this well-written tale tells how one of them was solved. A luxurious yacht discovered in mid-ocean without a soul on board, drugging and kidnapping, buccaneering, revenge for disappointed love—such are some of the elements in a skilfully constructed and stirring story.

Wilson (Harry Leon). BUNKER BEAN. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 279 pp., 6/ n. 813.5

A farcical story, brisk and amusing, by one of the more famous contemporary American authors. The author's characters are not credible, but they are sufficiently good puppets, and go through their antics with agreeable speed. The incidental pictures of New York life are full of interest.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Hankey (Donald W. A.). LETTERS OF DONALD HANKEY, "A Student in Arms." With introduction and notes by Edward Miller. Melrose, 1919. 8 in. 451 pp. il. pors. index, 9/ n. 920

Among many arresting passages in these charming letters we note the author's youthful aspiration to be "a good gunner, a good gentleman and a good Christian," and his remark that "Tolstoi . . . seems to have been a hopeless failure as a man, when judged according to his ideals; and mainly, I imagine, because he attached too much importance to the form in which those ideals presented themselves to him—farm labour and a smock frock—at the expense of the spirit underlying them, which should have dignified and transformed the work which he was really fit for."

Meredith (George).

Butcher (Alice, Lady), née Brandreth. MEMORIES OF GEORGE MEREDITH, O.M. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 159 pp. por. il., 5/ n. 920

Lady Butcher has claims to be the original of Cecilia Halkett, which those acquainted with "Beauchamp's Career" may well accept. She became a friend of Meredith as a little girl, and was a comfort to him in his latter days: her reminiscences have a girlish naiveté which is far from unattractive. She could tell much more had not the proud old man laid the injunction on her that she was not to write about him, except in circumstances that she defined. As it is, her anecdotes and some of the letters he wrote to her and his whimsical and witty talk help to fill out pleasantly our mental portrait of Meredith.

Payne (John).

Wright (Thomas). THE LIFE OF JOHN PAYNE. Fishe Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 283 pp. il. pors. apps. (bibliog. index, 28/ n. 920

Mr. Wright has provided a very readable account of the translator of Villon, Boccaccio, Hafiz, Omar Khayyám, and the "Arabian Nights," and author of "The Way of the Winepress," "Songs of Life and Death," and other poems. The biographer is eulogistic; and Payne, as an original poet and translator, is described as "the greatest English man of letters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries." It is declared by the author, moreover, that Burton's version of the "Arabian Nights" "was in the early portion largely a paraphrase of Payne's, and in the latter simply Payne's altered and spoilt . . . He [Burton] takes thousands of sentences from Payne, often without altering a single word." There is much in the book about Swinburne; and the unfortunate Mrs. Helen Snee, née Matthews, the "Laura" to whom Payne was "Petrarch," is many times referred to in the first part of the volume.

Redmond (John).

*Gwynn (Stephen). JOHN REDMOND'S LAST YEARS. Arnold, 1919. 9 in. 359 pp. por. index, 16/ n. 920

A personal and political study of very great interest, written by one who was a friend of Mr. Redmond and had access to his papers for the period beginning with the war. Mr. Gwynn makes no attempt to represent Mr. Redmond as a hero, but lays emphasis upon the patriotism, modesty, and nobility of purpose of the Irish leader, who died heartbroken because he had not "won through." "His action upon the war was his life's supreme action; he felt this, and knew that it had failed to achieve its end." But, says the author, "tangled as are the threads of all his policy, he leaves the task far nearer to accomplishment than he found it; and if in the end freedom and prosperity come to a united Ireland, they will be found to proceed . . . from the action which John Redmond took in August, 1914, and upon which his brother . . . set the seal of his blood."

The Scouts' Book of Heroes: a record of Scouts' work in the Great War. Pearson, 1919. 9 in. 320 pp. il. por., 6/ n. 920

Provided with an appropriate "send-off" by the Chief Scout, this book is a striking testimony to the courage, steadfastness, and comradeship—the "true Scout spirit," as it is termed by the editor—which Scouts, and those actively interested in the Scout movement, displayed during the war. The most moving recital in the volume is that of John Travers Cornwell's act of supreme self-sacrifice; and names which thrill the reader are those of Midshipman Gyles and Piper Laidlaw. Others among many whose acts of bravery will be recalled with admiration are Reginald Haine and R. E. Cruikshank. Lord Beatty (Chief Sea Scout) and General Byng are not omitted from the book. Numerous instances of grit are recorded of boy Scouts who helped while air-raids were in progress, and many persons will recall the relief with which they heard the "All clear," sounded.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Cassells (Joe). WITH THE BLACK WATCH: the story of the Marne. Melrose [1919]. 7½ in. 255 pp., 5/ n. 940.9

A vivid account of one of the most momentous series of operations and movements in the history of British arms, written by a soldier-scout belonging to a famous regiment. The author took part in what he describes; and his narrative, which is simple and free from "decoration," is the more graphic from that circumstance.

Lang (William). A SEA LAWYER'S LOG. Methuen [1919]. 8 in. 267 pp., 6/ n. 940.9

In these realistic sketches of life in the Grand Fleet during the war, especially as it concerned those who joined for "the duration," the author certainly has reason for his caveat that the characters who figure so humorously and otherwise are fictitious.

*Ludendorff (General). MY WAR MEMORIES, 1914-18. Hutchinson, 1919. 2 vols. 9 in. 793 pp. 58 maps, index, 34/ n. 940.9

See review last week, p. 1286.

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Ransome (Arthur). ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP. Illustrated by Mackenzie. Nisbet, 1919. 10 in. 152 pp. 20/ n. (Edition de luxe 63/ n.) J.740

Mr. Ransome has written a graceful and amusing version in rhyme of the Aladdin story, while Mr. Mackenzie has lavished his ingenuity and skill in producing gorgeously coloured illustrations, whose elaborate precision reminds us a little of the excellent work of Maxfield Parrish. The publishers are to be congratulated on the get-up of the volume, which is one of the handsomest specimens of this kind of children's books we have seen this year.

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